

The South Atlantic Quarterly

Letters of a Virginia Cadet at West Point,
1859-1861

MAJOR THOMAS ROWLAND, C. S. A. INTRODUCTION BY KATE
MASON ROWLAND

The writer of the series of West Point letters, beginning in this number of the *QUARTERLY*, was Thomas Rowland, eldest son of Major Isaac S. Rowland and Catherine Armistead Mason. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, March 25, 1842, and at an early age, upon the death of his father, Virginia became his home. Here he was brought up, among his mother's kindred, in Fairfax County, three miles from Alexandria and near the Episcopal Theological Seminary. His early education was received at schools in Virginia. In 1856 he was a student at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., and in July, 1859, he was entered at West Point. When he sent in his resignation, on the secession of Virginia, Cadet Rowland was at the head of his class, then consisting of forty-two members. Fifty of his letters, written from West Point, have been preserved, from which these selections are made. Of his class there are now living but seven members, six of whom, from the North, were in the United States Army, and one, Captain Richard Marshall Nelson of North Carolina, was a Confederate.

On the 4th of May, 1861, young Rowland was commissioned by Governor Letcher, Second Lieutenant in the Provisional Army of Virginia. He did duty at this time drilling volunteers in Ashland and at the Camp of Instruction in Richmond. When the Provisional Army was turned over to the Confederate States, Lieutenant Rowland received a commission as Cadet in the Engineer Corps. He was still drilling raw recruits, however, but early in September he was

ordered to report to General Gatlin in North Carolina. Here he was stationed successively at Newbern, at Fort Johnson in Wilmington, then at Brunswick Point and Fort St. Philip on the Cape Fear River. And he rendered important service at this time in superintending the construction of the coast defences of the state. His opportunity for active service was soon at hand. On the 22nd of July, 1862, Cadet Rowland was commissioned Captain in the Adjutant General's Department and assigned to the Staff of Brigadier-General Robert Ransom, who was then in camp at Petersburg, Va. The brigade was soon after on its way to the Valley and participated in the first invasion of Maryland. The battle of Sharpsburg and the capture of Harper's Ferry gave Captain Rowland his baptism of fire. In his office of Adjutant he wrote the orders for the commanding-general, to which the latter added any mention he wished to make of his staff. The Sharpsburg order was complimented as "a handsome and stirring piece." The battle of Sharpsburg took place September 7—and on the 13th of December was fought the battle of Fredericksburg. A copy in Captain Rowland's handwriting has been preserved of the congratulatory address of the commanding general written after the battle of Fredericksburg—the composition undoubtedly of the Adjutant. It was in this battle that Captain Rowland distinguished himself for bravery, as General Ransom states in his report. He says: "The valuable assistance and daring gallantry of my Assistant Adjutant General, Captain Rowland, and my volunteer aid, Dr. T. C. J. Davis, deserve my warmest commendation. They three times during the day each traversed the entire front of my line descending and returning from the road, thus six times running the gauntlet of a most fearful fire."

In January, 1863, Ransom's Brigade was in North Carolina, where General Ransom was assigned to the command of "all the troops in North Carolina outside of the District of the Cape Fear." Early the following June he was promoted and sent again to Virginia. The division had missed the battle of Chancellorsville in May, and was not to participate in the Gettysburg campaign. They remained at Petersburg through August and part of September. General Ransom was then

assigned to the District of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee. In Tennessee the division had much rough marching to do, and some skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry. In the spring of 1864 they were back again in Virginia, at Drewry's Bluff in May; at Lynchburg in June, where they were following up Hunter. Here there was fighting, but the enemy's feeble attack was soon repulsed. General Ransom was at this time in command of all the cavalry forces in the Valley of Virginia, but he resigned in August, General Lomax being assigned to the command of the division. The Adjutant-General remained with the division. And, as aid to General Lomax, Major Rowland participated in the battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill. In the latter fight he received his first and only wound, a flesh wound in the thigh. This gave him a furlough of thirty days which he spent with his mother and sisters in Richmond. He was back in the Valley again in October. In December he writes from Gordonsville of the march of three days from the Luray Valley, through snow, sleet, and hail, crossing the Blue Ridge in a snow storm.

On the 22nd of December, Lomax's Division had a fight at Liberty Mills near Gordonsville, where as General Lee's official report states, the enemy "was repulsed and severely punished." In March, 1865, Major Rowland was in Richmond again on a short leave. He was soon back with his command. But the end was near at hand. The evacuation of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, those fatal April days, brought despair to all hearts. On the 16th of April, the division disbanded at Buchanan, "until the 1st of May" as the order said, for there was still hope that something more might be done for the cause. Major Rowland had left General Lomax before the 16th to join Johnston's army in the South. But before he could reach North Carolina Johnston surrendered. He wrote to his family then that he would go to Mexico. Sober second thought decided him to remain in his own country.

At the close of the war, Major Rowland took the law course at the University of Virginia, and soon after he commenced practice in Baltimore where he rapidly gained distinction. But in a few years his health gave way. Vainly trying change of climate, first going to Brazil and then to California,—returning

to Baltimore by way of Europe,—he died in the latter city, the victim of consumption, April 25, 1874.

1859

WEST POINT, N. Y., June 25, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I am sorry that I have allowed so many days to slip by without writing to you and giving some account of my new home and profession. I can now announce myself most pleasantly settled, and initiated into camp life, after passing honorably through the examinations, mental and physical. About fifty new cadets have been admitted—eighteen were found deficient and dismissed; two had not a cent to travel upon, and as the Government would not pay their expenses home, we (the class) have advanced the money out of our pay.

I left New York on the 15th of this month after a very pleasant visit which I have already told you of. Upon the afternoon of the same day I reported myself at the office of the Adjutant of this post, soon after I was received in barracks as a "plebe" and treated accordingly. Llew Horton,¹ Chapman² and Ben King³ were expecting me and by their kindness my embarrassment on that momentous occasion was considerably relieved. At 4 P. M. upon the same day the corps of cadets pitched their tents and went into encampment for the summer. The tents at the base are 6 ft by 7; the floor is a plank platform raised 3 inches from the ground to protect us from the rain; our furniture consists of a long, narrow camp chest and our blankets. There are either three or four in each tent, giving a space of 2 ft or less for each man. So you see we have no room for any such luxuries as chairs or tables. The cadet captains who are appointed out of the first class, are allowed to have a camp stool and writing table, so that they may be able to prepare their reports. When we write we sit upon a blanket and put our paper on the camp chest. At all

¹ Llewellyn Horton from Alexandria, Va. Graduated at West Point, 1861. Was chief of artillery on the staff of General Hardee. After the war Colonel Horton was for many years the honored principal of the Episcopal High School in Fairfax County.

² William B. Chapman, Massachusetts.

³ Lieutenant Benjamin King, C. S. A., son of Dr. Benjamin King of Washington, D. C. Fell, mortally wounded, in the second day's fight at Shiloh, April 7, 1862.

times in the day when we are not in motion we rest ourselves by sitting or lying on the floor.

I will give you a synopsis of the routine of daily duty as it is at present for our class. Reveille is at 5 A. M. Precisely at that hour the cannon is fired by the sentinel in front of the camp. The drum strikes up immediately and beats for five minutes, during which time we are expected to slip on our clothes and take our places in ranks. As soon as the drum stops beating the roll is called and those who are not there to answer to their names are reported to the Commandant of the post for demerits and are expected to give an explanation of their absence to Lieut. McCook. This is the case at every parade, roll call and inspection. Immediately after reveille we turn out for police duty, i. e., to clean up every piece of paper, stick and loose stone in the camp ground. (This would just suit Aunt Emily.⁴) At 5½ A. M. we have another drum for drill which lasts until 6½. We then have half an hour to wash ourselves, sweep our tents, fold up the blankets and pile them in the corner and arrange everything in straight lines for inspection. If everything is not arranged with the greatest exactitude we receive demerits for neglect of duty. At 7 A. M. we are marched in squads to the mess hall for breakfast. The fare is plain, of course, but I would not wish it better. Everything is well cooked, and the bread and butter is excellent. At 8 A. M. we have guard mount. Between 9 and 11 we have no regular duty to perform, though we are sometimes called out to march to the armory or commissary department. From 11 to 1 we have drill again and bayonet exercise. At 1 P. M. we march again to the mess hall. They always allow exactly half an hour for every meal and we are obliged to rise at command and march back to camp as soon as the time expires. From 2 to 5 P. M. is the same as from 9 to 11 A. M. From 5 to 6 P. M. we have another drill. At 7 P. M. we have dress parade and inspection of arms, tents, &c. At parade the offences and demerits for the preceding day are read off, the band plays 2 or 3 airs or marches, the battalion executes movements with muskets to show their proficiency to spectators of

⁴ Miss Emily Virginia Mason, sister of Mrs. Rowland, with whom she lived at "The Cottage."

whom there are not a few, and the whole is closed by discharge of a cannon. Parade is always a beautiful sight and the band is excellent. This morning they played an air from "Lucia," and some days ago they played "Oft in the Stilly Night."

The corps is divided into four companies, A, B, C and D. I am in Company B. Mr. Mill's⁵ friend Benjamin⁶ is one of the cadet officers of my Company. I have not yet had an opportunity of making his acquaintance. I am tenting at present with two of Lew's classmates, Davis of Pennsylvania, and Cross of Massachusetts, who was formerly at the R. P. I.⁷ He stands at the head of his class. Lew Horton is very much liked here as he is everywhere. Cross says that he is the best fellow in the corps. Since the thinning out produced by the examination and one or two subsequent *desertions* the camp is not so crowded. Tomorrow I am to move into a tent with one of my own classmates—"a lineal (?) descendant of George Washington,"⁸ and a cousin of Miss Laura Lippitt.⁹ He is a fine fellow of course (as who could not be under such circumstances). We have made an arrangement to room together when we get into barracks and be studious. But I have broken off in my account of our day's employment.

Directly after parade we march to mess hall again for supper. After supper we go to an excellent place on the Hudson to swim. I am learning to swim quite well. At 9½ P. M. the drum is beat for tattoo, the roll is called, and after an allowance of five minutes to undress, every light must be extinguished at the tap of the drum or "taps." We then sleep pretty soundly after our day's work except when interrupted by the "pulling out." I was pulled out only once the first night and have not been troubled at all for a week, although some of my classmates have not been so fortunate. The guard tent is a great instrument of punishment for "plebes." Two or three

⁵ Lawrence H. Mills, then a student at the Virginia Theological Seminary in Fairfax County, Virginia. Now, 1915, Professor of Zend (Avesta) Philology at Oxford University, England.

⁶ Samuel W. Benjamin, New York.

⁷ Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

⁸ James Barroll Washington, Major, C. S. A., on the staff of General Joseph E. Johnston. Was son of Lewis William Washington of Jefferson County, Va. Captured by Custer after Battle of Seven Pines, subsequently exchanged and served to the end of the war. Was secretary and auditor for B. & O. Railroad many years, living in Pittsburgh, Pa., where he died in 1900. His son, William Lanier Washington, represents the family now in the Society of the Cincinnati.

⁹ Mrs. William Byrd Page of Washington, D. C., one of the belles of her day.

are confined there every day by cadet officers for inattention at drill or some such offence. I am sorry to say that Chapman has failed to pass his examination, but he expects to get a re-appointment and to return in September. Ben King is on a furlough. He will return by the 28th of August, that being the day upon which we enter barracks. We will then study hard until the January examination, which is said to be the most difficult one in the course,—decides who is "to be" and who "not to be" in our class.

SUNDAY 26TH [JUNE]: I did not have time to finish this letter yesterday so I take it up this evening to tell you something of our chapel. Mr. French¹⁰ read the service this morning, and the choir, which is composed entirely of cadets sang "While Thee I Seek, Protecting Power" to the same air that you used to sing it. They commenced the service by chanting "The Lord is in His Holy Temple," &c., and sang all the doxologies after the hymns. Mr. French is an excellent reader, the choir have very fine voices, and altogether I enjoyed the services very much. He gave notice that next Sunday would be Communion Sunday. I suppose that it will be at your Chapel also. You must say a prayer for me on that occasion. Our chapel is a very pretty building, tastefully decorated on the inside and receiving a military aspect from the flags and cannon ranged along the walls, trophies taken in 1812 and in Mexico. I was reminded of home this morning by the band playing "Strike the Cymbal" during inspection.

I went to see Clara Paige¹¹ last week and saw her again at church this morning. I promised to go to see her again and be introduced to Mr. French. I will try and get a permit to go tomorrow. She is very much admired among the cadets. Tell Steeny¹² that two of the "at large" appointments failed to pass the examination. Perhaps he might get one of the vacancies. I know he would enjoy this life. You must give my love to all my friends and kiss all the family for me. I will write again as soon as possible, but after coming in from a double quick

¹⁰ Rev. John W. French, Chaplain and Professor in Geography, History and Ethics.

¹¹ Daughter of Judge Paige, Schenectady, N. Y. Married Rev. Dr. Paine.

¹² John Stevens Mason of "Okeley," afterwards in the C. S. A., and now resident of Fauquier County, Va.

drill on a bayonet exercise we do not feel much like sitting down on the floor to write a letter.

Your aff. son

T. ROWLAND

WEST POINT, N. Y., Monday, June 27, 1859, 10:40 A. M.

MY DEAR KATE¹³

Here I am curled up on my tent floor like a Turk, endeavoring to fulfil my promise of writing to you, though I expect to be called out on the plain in about five minutes to be drilled with my class in infantry tactics. This plain is about a third of a mile long without a tree or a blade of grass, and upon such a day as this, the hot sun reflected from the sand makes drilling at "double quick" rather warm work; yet we rather enjoy it, especially when we know that it is only the preparation for higher things. The cadet officers are very fierce and give their commands with an emphasis that makes a man *tremble in his shoes*, and if a poor "plebe" in his fright and confusion makes a false step or an awkward or slow movement with his musket, no matter how inexperienced he may be, he is confined to the guard tomb for the offence. Until the trying ordeal of the plebian encampment is over we will have a hard time. We must live the life of a common soldier, and experience all its hardships and severities with its more galling indignities until the name of "Old Cadet" removes the indignities and finally a commission in the army crowns all our labors with success. No one who has not lived this *hard* life for five years can imagine the ecstasy of delight with which a cadet hails his approaching furlough or graduation. It forms the subject of many a pleasant anticipation and many a "happy dream," and is truly the rose that has its thorn. If a man had nothing else to recommend him, the mere fact of his being a graduate of West Point ought to entitle him to respect. It shows that he has done what hundreds have failed to accomplish, and what has tried the spirit and the strength of all the best officers of our army.

On the 4th of July the hops commence and then the Point will be crowded with ladies and the cadets will have a gay sum-

¹³ His sister, Kate Mason Rowland.

mer, though the plebes are not generally admitted to these entertainments; if any of my friends come, however, I shall transcend the limits of a plebe in this respect. Have you heard anything of Jennie Cooper¹⁴ since I left? I shall look forward with great pleasure to the arrival of that charming cousin. When you write to me you must tell me about all the young ladies of our neighborhood and let me know when Miss Connie Cary¹⁵ comes home. I am reading the book that Miss Julia Johns¹⁶ gave me; I like it very much and you must thank her for me and give love to her and to all my friends in the neighborhood. My tentmate is a great admirer of Miss Laura Lippitt; we have sympathizing talks together on that subject. You must tell Mason¹⁷ to write to me and tell me the progress of the garden, the state of John Jackson's health, &c. Any accounts of family affairs however trivial, would be interesting to me, even down to Winnie, Richard and Henry.

I must now close my letter and take my musket to pieces and clean it for another drill. We have to have the barrel and all the steel parts so bright that the inspecting officer can see his face in them.

Adieu,

T. ROWLAND
U. S. C. C.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Sunday, July 10, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I am going to ask your forgiveness for again allowing a week to pass without writing to you. Although it gives me great pleasure to write, my time is so cut up and intersected by drills and parades that I invariably find myself putting off this pleasant duty until Sunday.

Since last writing to you I have received a letter from yourself and one from Kittie, and I can not tell you how much

¹⁴ Daughter of General Samuel Cooper, U. S. A. and C. S. A. Married Nicholas Dawson of Virginia. Died recently at her old home "Cameron" in Fairfax County.

¹⁵ Miss Constance Cary, of Fairfax County, was noted in the sixties for her wit and beauty. Later, as Mrs. Burton Harrison, she became well known as an author. She is the mother of Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway Company, and of Francis Burton Harrison, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands.

¹⁶ Daughter of Bishop Johns of Virginia.

¹⁷ Brother of Cadet Rowland. Took the name of his maternal grandfather, John Thomson Mason, and was then called "Jack." Later in C. S. A. and C. S. N. as an officer of the *Shenandoah*.

pleasure it gives me to hear from you all, for although it would not do to say that I have been homesick, the sudden change from a life so calm and pleasant to one fraught with so many trials and difficulties, has made me feel more keenly than I had anticipated, the separation from home and family. Write to me oftener, even if it is only a page or two. I need something in these trying times to keep my spirits up. Nothing does this more effectually than a cheerful letter from home. Let me sympathize with you all in everything; tell me of all your pleasures and "*Je serai heureux lorsque je saurais que vous l'êtes vous-mêmes.*" Divide this labor of love among you and you will easily be able to send me a letter twice a week. Now that Mason's holiday has commenced he might write to me now and then.

You must not let my letters give you the impression that I am not happy in my new line of life. My pleasures overbalance my troubles and though sometimes depressed I am never discontented, but feel assured that the profession I have chosen is the one best suited to my tastes, and though difficult in the attainment, rich in its rewards.

I have been several times to see Clara Paige. She has been exceedingly kind, taking as she calls it a motherly interest in me. I have been introduced to Mrs. French and Miss Clara French, both of whom are very kind, giving me a standing invitation to visit them. Prof. French was not at home when I called, though I see and hear him every Sunday. Last Sunday I was with you all in spirit at the Communion Table. Two of my classmates came forward (Clark and Buchanan¹⁸) with several from the other classes, making only about ten in all out of a battalion of nearly two hundred.

On the fourth of July we had a great celebration, of course; salutes from the batteries, an original and excellent oration from a first-classman, reminding us of our particular duties, and some splendid music from our band. General Scott¹⁹ was present and was received by the battalion of cadets with military honors. In the evening we had beautiful fireworks, as fine as any I ever saw. They were all made on the Point by the ca-

¹⁸ Churchill Clark and Edward Y. Buchanan, cadets appointed at large.

¹⁹ Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott.

dets. Our class has commenced artillery drills. We practice with the identical battery with which the brave Captain Bragg gave the Mexicans "a little more grape." The dancing lessons have commenced. The cost is \$2 per month—a lesson every day. I will not take lessons until I see how my treasurer's accounts stand. It is so late in the season that I have only been able to obtain one card for the "hops." Lew told me that he sent one to you some time ago, directing it to Alexandria, so I will send this one to Miss Connie Cary. You must give all my other friends a verbal invitation.

The "plebes" have just commenced going on guard and their mistakes and embarrassments during the first night on post create a great deal of amusement in the camp. My tent-mate Washington, was carried off his post twice in a wheelbarrow and had his musket taken away from him. Another fellow was tied to a tree. My turn will come in a day or two. I will write you my first experience. The pulling out is nearly over, but the guard tent is kept pretty well filled with prisoners. We do not hear much news in camp, so you may tell Kattie whenever she finds an interesting article in the *Times* to mail it to me. An *Alexandria Gazette* occasionally would also be acceptable.

I must now bid you goodbye for the present and prepare for infantry drill. So with a great deal of love for Aunt Emily, the girls, Mason, Mrs. Johnston and Nanny, and every one else in Alexandria or Fairfax County (including Winnie, Aunt Betsy and Richard), believe me your very devoted Son

T. ROWLAND

U. S. C. C.

P. S. I send Kit a very pleasant tribute to one of her favorite poets. Tell her she must read Goldsmith and Parnell in return.

WEST POINT, N. Y., July 24, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER

Tomorrow I will be detailed for guard duty which lasts for twenty-four hours, so I must contrive to write you a few lines this evening, as the active and continuous duty of a sentinel keeps him ever on the alert and prevents anything of

the kind. Eight hours of this time is consumed in walking post; during the remainder of the time, even while sleeping we must have on full uniform, belts and accoutrements with our muskets by our side so as to be ready at any moment day or night to turn out instantly upon command, for inspection by the "officer of the day," or the "officer in charge," or for any extra duty as patrols or escorts for prisoners.

[In pencil.] As I have to prepare my arms and accoutrements for the rigid inspection which always attends guard mount, I will not have time to finish this letter, but rather than fail in my weekly epistle I will add a few lines in pencil and send this although it is hardly commenced. Since writing my letter to Aunt Emily last week I have receive the most delightful budgets of letters from yourself at Okeley²⁰ and from Mason and Kitty at the Cottage. They were both filled with interesting details of dear home news and have afforded me pleasure and amusement ever since, for I always make one letter last until the arrival of the next. Mason's letter was filled with real family jokes such as I have often joined in and enjoyed with you all over our social dinner table at home. Just as I looked up then from my paper my eye fell upon a four-leaved clover; I send it as emblematical of the good influence that is always attendant upon my intercourse with home.

Mason's letter was a very successful effort; he must try it again. His account of the chickens and garden were very interesting to me, and his graceful compliment to Miss Laura Lippitt's charms was a *chef d'oeuvre* which accorded exactly with the sentiments of my roommate and myself. I mean my roommate in prospect, for my tentmate is a Mr. Calef from that enterprising but unlovely State of Massachusetts. By-the-bye, my friend Washington seems to be a very ardent admirer of Miss Laura. He always sends love when I write to you. Llew who seems much interested in my welfare, is delighted with my choice of roommate. I have reason to be thankful for my success here so far.

Kit tells me that Cousin Beverley²¹ has come home. I would give anything to see him. It is nearly time for evening

²⁰ Home of Dr. Richard C. Mason, Fairfax County, Va.

²¹ Beverley Randolph Mason of Okeley. Later in C. S. A., and for many years principal of Gunston Hall School, Washington, D. C.

parade so I must close this important epistle with love and a kiss for you all.

I bear you all continually in my thoughts, picturing you in imagination in the various domestic scenes in which I used to be such a happy participant. That God in his infinite mercy may spare us all to join in many more scenes as pleasant and as pure, is the earnest prayer of

Your devoted and affectionate son,

T. ROWLAND

WEST POINT, N. Y., Aug. 9th, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER

It is nearly two weeks since I have written a letter to any one at the Cottage. Two or three times when I have been on the point of writing, other duties more immediately necessary have prevented me from executing this pleasant task. My last letter was sent to Aunt Emily at Rockaway, and I almost forgot that in writing to one I did not write to all. Llew and I are joyfully expecting her visit with Dora²² to West Point, which is now, I hope, not more than a week or ten days distant. It will be so pleasant to see someone from home and to show Aunt Emily just how I live.

I am learning to love my new home more than I used to. I have moved into a company of Southerners where the treatment of Southern gentlemen lessens the annoyances of the West Point "plebe;" I have found firm friends among my classmates; I have become hardened to the severe routine of duty; and I begin to regard with affectionate familiarity the rugged old hills that formerly looked down so sternly upon me as they echoed back the startling beat of the drum which warned me to hasten—I knew not where, to do—I knew not what.

In about three weeks from today we will move into barracks and commence study. I will then feel more in my native element, and you may rest assured that I will do all that taste, application and ambition can accomplish to stand well in my class, to please my mother, and to show Aunt Emily that

²² Daughter of Stevens Thomson Mason, "Boy Governor" of Michigan, only brother of Mrs. Rowland. She married Edward H. Wright of Newark, N. J., where she still resides.

time and trouble which she expended in obtaining my appointment have not been expended in vain. Yet I must tell you that this class is probably one of the smartest that ever entered West Point, and I will have to contend with many who have spent years in preparation for the course. But I must not be anticipating the result of the winter's campaign. It will take many a hard-fought battle to win the laurel of our class and time only must decide the contest and prove the victor.

Since I last wrote to you I have received an excellent letter from Liz, enlivened by the mention of Miss Emily McGuire and Miss Connie Cary, parts of which I read to Llew, as we always supply each other with the latest news from Virginia. Liz's letter contained also a note from my literary sympathizer. Since then I have received your letter of the 23rd ult; written immediately upon your return from Okeley and enclosed in one from Aunt Emily of the same date; still later yours of the 1st August brought with its other contents the sweet little Cottage violet. Although I cannot answer all these in particular I thank you all very much for them, and hope that you will continue to supply me with all the details of home and keep before me a constant picture of our delightful neighborhood. The note from Miss Laura gave great pleasure to Washington as well as myself. I was much interested in your account of the new choir. I should like to be there to join if I could do no more than blow the bellows for you, though inspired by the sound of Miss Connie's voice I think I could learn to sing too. You must keep me informed of your progress. I have not heard the grand *Te Deum* sung since I left home.

You have no idea how much I miss your songs, and Lizzie's playing, to say nothing of Kit's accompaniments upon the guitar. We sometimes have some very fine music from our band which plays morning and evening at parade. Last night the "Anvil Chorus" was played most beautifully by the full brass band with drums.

The scenery here is more beautiful than any that I have ever seen. The plain upon which the encampment is situated is entirely surrounded by a circular ridge of lofty mountains only broken where the beautiful Hudson has forced its way

through the solid rock of the ancient hills. On our side the hills too rugged for cultivation are covered with forest and bare rocks but upon the opposite side of the river we can see the fields of yellow grain waving in the very clouds of heaven. Imagine a violent storm in this mountainous enclosure, the thunder echoing around its massy walls until bursting out suddenly through the valley of the river it is heard rumbling and muttering among the unseen mountains in the distance. I hope next year you will see West Point for yourself and then you will find that its charms are not exaggerated. In some places you can read at the distance of a quarter of a mile the names of "Palo Alto," "Buena Vista" and "Monterey," where they have been carved in gigantic letters in the solid rock. Here too the ruins of Fort Putnam look down upon us, with its Revolutionary memories, reminding us of the gallant men who fought and perished,—as we may fight and perish—in their country's cause.

But how come on the corn and potatoes which I helped to plant? And what promise from the peach trees? How does "Jack" spend his vacation? I am glad to hear that he has become a beau; he will derive more benefit from ladies' society of the proper sort than from too much association with boys, who from wildness and mischief are too apt to run into dissipation and immorality. If Annapolis is anything like West Point he will need all the good principles he can form and they must be *firm ones* too!

WEST POINT, N. Y., Oct. 9th, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I commenced a letter to Aunt Emily last week acknowledging the receipt of the delightful fruit which she sent me from New York, but I was so busy at the time that I did not have time to finish it and it has laid in my writing-desk until now entirely out of date. If she is with you at the Cottage now as I suppose she is, you must thank her very much for me. John French was so kind as to receive the basket for me, and we had quite a little excitement smuggling it into our quarters under the cover of night. (You know it is against regulations to have provisions of any kind in barracks.) The contents

proved well worth the trouble, and my friends and myself feasted upon them for some time afterwards. Yesterday I received a triple letter from yourself and the two girls, and I have been enjoying ever since the account of the Clermont²³ party, the dedication of the new Seminary and other interesting bits of *home news* which they contained. I can well imagine how much pleasure you all feel at getting back to the dear Cottage again even after visiting such a delightful place as Okeley. Oh for the time when we may all meet there again in health and happiness! I hope when I get my furlough that Aunt Laura and Uncle Robert will be in the East. I will stop in New York for Dora and once again in our old Virginia home we will have such a family party as we were wont to have in olden times. The party at Clermont must have been delightful, though it was rather unfortunate that Miss Connie's beau should have been arrested so suddenly in his career and in such a peculiar manner. It must have been rather an *embarrassing* position for her to say the least of it.

I have just paused in my letter for a half an hour to go to Prof. French's Bible Class. Llew was there also. We meet every Sunday at four o'clock in the chapel. Prof. French is very entertaining and he makes these few moments pass very pleasantly and profitably to us all. I suppose you know that Llew has become a member of the church. I have been twice with him to the Communion Table. I have never told you of our prayer meetings; we have them every Monday and Thursday evening during the half hour which intervenes between supper and "Call to quarters" (the bugle for evening study). They are presided over by Lieutenant Howard,²⁴ one of the professors of mathematics. He reads a chapter in the Bible and then we sing a hymn and have two or three extemporaneous prayers suited to the wants and peculiar exigencies of the army and corps of cadets. Don't be shocked; they are quite orthodox and do a great deal of good in keeping us reminded

²³ Home of Captain Douglas French Forrest, U. S. N. and C. S. N. Formerly the residence of General John Mason, father of Hon. James M. Mason, Confederate Commissioner to England, and of Mrs. Samuel Cooper of "Cameron," the "Cousin Maria" of later letters.

²⁴ Later General O. O. Howard, U. S. A. In charge of the Freedmen's Bureau, 1865-74, and largely instrumental in establishing Howard University, Washington.

of our duties and strengthening us against the temptations peculiar to our mode of life.

I suppose you have heard of the sad death of Major Chapman. I heard that he committed suicide. I wish you would let me know the particulars if you have heard them. His son has obtained two days leave. Meigs²⁵ is one of the smartest of our class in mathematics and appears to have studied a great deal of the course. He and Washington and myself have been transferred to the first section. This morning our room was complimented by the Commandant as being the neatest that he had seen in barracks—so much for having Miss Laura Lip-pitt's cousin for a chum.

I was much amused with Kittie's account of the three charming young men. I can imagine Murray eating in the rocking chair, "Maxy" yearning, and Hale squalling while at the same time he casts a side glance upon the "grub." You must give my respects to the Sewing Society, and *do give* my love to Cousin Lucy. It is nearly tattoo so I must bid you good night with much love to Aunt Libby, Aunt Emily, the girls and Mason.

Your devoted Son

T. ROWLAND

WEST POINT, N. Y., Oct. 18th, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I am very sorry that I delayed writing so long as to call forth a scolding from *ma chère mère*. I received yesterday your letter of the 11th and felt how much I deserved the mild but serious rebuke therein contained. I must be more punctual in future. I suppose by this time you have received my letter of last week. I was in hopes it would reach you before you fulminated the thunderbolts which I so much dread in their silent power.

* * * * *

I hope during the winter the course will be reduced again to four years; then I will be released one year sooner and be enabled to render you some material assistance which I fear

²⁵ Cadet John Meigs, son of General Meigs, U. S. A. In the Federal army and killed during the war.

I can never do as a cadet. At present I am in debt like the rest of my class. We have so many things to get for our first year that we will nearly all be encumbered in this manner for the next three or four months. My indebtedness amounts to about forty dollars, though my expenses have been confined to such equipments, uniform, etc., as have been absolutely necessary.

I received a paper containing an article on the *San Francisco Murder* and an account of the San Juan difficulties, for which I must thank Kittie, I suppose, she being the only member of the family who reads the papers. My love to Aunt Emily, and tell her that her copy of Thomas à Kempis proves quite a treasure. Llew always sends love to you. Meigs is doing very well indeed; he is considered one of the best mathematicians in our class.

Winter has nearly commenced here; we have some quite cold days and the beautiful autumn leaves will soon be gone. I should like to look in upon you all some winter night gathered around the cheerful open fires in the dining room. Imagine me there. Give my best love to Cousin Maria and Jennie if they are in the neighborhood. Do they intend to spend the winter at "Cameron"? I hope for your sake they will.

Love to all—and love to "Cousin Laura" and "Cousin Charlotte," from my chum.

Yours

"PICKWICK"

WEST POINT, N. Y., October 23d, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I received last week Kittie's letter of the 17th enclosing a short note from Aunt Emily. I will be delighted to receive the dressing gown of which she spoke, and will prize it very highly as a relic of the noble man to whom it belonged. Who is the Captain Caxon to whose care it was to be directed—I know of no such person? Tell Aunt Emily that all the fruit came safely to hand except the peaches; I suppose there was not room for them in the basket. The watermelon was excellent, and the apples were some of the finest I have seen this year. I must thank you for the "Church Journals" which

I received last week containing articles upon the General Convention and a notice of the ordination of our friend Mr. Mayer. I should like very much to see the "House of Bishops"; they must form an imposing assembly when in session. I see from one of the papers that three of the Bishops were graduates of West Point.

There has been quite an excitement here for the last few days occasioned by the startling and almost incredible news of an insurrection at Harper's Ferry. Washington was particularly interested in the state of affairs as his home is only four miles from Harper's Ferry, and his father is a prominent slaveholder of that region. Very fortunately his sister had left home for Baltimore the day before the insurrection occurred, but his father was the first person taken by these desperate men. They came to his house during the night and woke him up, telling him that he was their prisoner. Old "Ossawatimée Brown" has made quite a stir in the quiet Old Dominion, and though his attempt has miserably failed, there is something quite romantic in his fanatical idea of revolutionizing our government with a handful of men armed with revolvers and iron pikes. He must certainly have been a monomaniac, though he is represented as giving his orders with remarkable coolness when defending his position in the armory against the attack of the U. S. Marines. A most singular affair! Conducted in a most singular manner—by a most singular person! I should like to see a further development of the plot. I received a *Washington Star* containing an account of the insurrection, and also an *Alexandria Gazette* directed in a strange hand.

The cold weather has actually commenced; I should like very much to have some of your knit woolen socks and undershirts if there were any way of sending them on, but I suppose there is not. The cold north winds as they come down the valley of the Hudson are very penetrating, and there is no place more exposed to them by position than the level and unobstructed (to the northward) plains of West Point.

Love to Cousin Maria and to Jennie, and love to all at "The Cottage."

T. ROWLAND

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Tragic Art of Ballad Poetry

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The making of ballads is generally acknowledged to be a closed chapter in literary evolutions. The inroads of civilization, such as the increase in the facilities of travel and the diffusion of common school education, have broken up the communal element in primitive societies; and putting the ballads into print has had an effect similar to that of putting zoological specimens into alcohol: it has preserved them for investigation, but it has destroyed their organic life. As the mother of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, remarked to Sir Walter Scott on the occasion of his noting down the ballad of *Auld Maitland* from her lips: "They were made for singin' an' no for readin', but ye hae broken the charm now an' they'll never be sung mair."

We need not feel inconsolable, however, over the extinction of this interesting species of literature, for the zeal of various collectors, who have apparently realized that "the night cometh wherein man shall work no more," has turned over to our enjoyment some 300 ballads of English and Scottish origin, some 500 Danish, in addition to those of Norway, Sweden, Iceland, and the Faroes; many hundred German, French, Italian, Greek, Bulgarian, Slavish, etc. Were one's appetite as insatiable as was fabled of the unfortunate Erythion, who ate himself away, there would never be lack of ballads to satisfy it.

If one had the temerity to flaunt the authority of Socrates and of Huxley, by defining the abstract in the concrete, one might be tempted to say, as other bold spirits have done, that a ballad was *Sir Patrick Spens* or *Edward* or *Child Waters* or *Bonnie George Campbell*. It is safer, however, and doubtless better to fall back upon the accepted statement that a ballad is a poem, lyrical in form, narrative in substance, and traditional in origin. In other words, it was meant to be sung and danced to; it tells a story; and it claims a communal authorship. All of these phases have had a part to play in

fixing the position of the ballad as an art form, but its method of handling the subject matter is perhaps in this relation of most significance. As a starting point in determining the artistic function of the ballad we should turn, as do all orthodox students, to Aristotle's *Poetics*, which has served countless generations as a guide in poetic matters.

Poetry then as a work of art is an imitation of men in action. By imitation is meant, not a servile copying, not a literal transcription of the world of reality, but an idealized representation of human life,—of character, emotion, and action,—in a form manifest to sense. And action includes "the deeds, incidents, situations, mental processes, and the motives which underlie the outward events or which result from them." That is to say, plot and character are so closely interwoven that to separate them is about as conceivable as to abstract the pound of flesh without the drop of blood. Furthermore men must be represented either as better than in real life or as worse, that is fuller and richer in emotional content, intenser in passion, and more potent for good or evil, not, be it remembered, for moral but for esthetic purposes, in order that the aim of imitative art be fulfilled: namely, the expression of the universal element in human life. Poetry as fine art, then eliminates the accidental, the transient, the particular, and lays bare the permanent and essential, thereby perfecting the intention of Nature, which ever strives, though most often unsuccessfully, towards the ideal. Of the various forms of poetry tragedy is said to occupy the highest place, for it puts before our very eyes men acting out their own destiny; next in honor comes epic poetry, which, though unable on account of its greater length to concentrate the interest and to draw together the sequence of events and motives so inevitably as does tragedy, yet possesses many dramatic qualities and admits much diversity of embellishment. If, as is generally conceded, tragedy and epic poetry developed from the ballad, the latter has an everlasting demand upon our grateful attention as the progenitor of two sources of the highest esthetic pleasures. Accordingly it remains to determine how far the ballad has an independent claim to inclusion among the pleasure-giving forms of fine art, and in particular

how far this claim rests upon its power of tragic representation.

From the fact that its chief concern is with the story it has to relate, it follows that a ballad is an imitation of men in action, and that too in its universal aspects, for it prefers, in its oldest and simplest forms, to represent character isolated from the reality and restrictions of definite times and places, and to treat of the elemental passions freed from all complexity and self-analysis, such as love, valor, loyalty, treachery, jealousy, revenge, hate, and conjugal infidelity. It prefers also such stories as are tragic in their outcome, those whose concerns are with "far-off, old, unhappy things, and battles long ago," and usually plays the play out to the final catastrophe. In keeping with all good narrative the ballad uses so much dialogue as will vivify the characters and action and as will serve, not as a vehicle for emotion, which, however, is often wrapped up in a speech, but as an exposition of an incident or situation and of a character's attitude towards events and personages.

In fine, we may say of the ballad, as Sir Philip Sydney said of the muse of poetry, "and with a tale, forsooth, she cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner." But its ways of telling a tale are those of no other form of poetry; they are peculiarly its own and have baffled all efforts at imitation, even on the part of the most gifted. It approaches the subject-matter, which may already have been set in the framework of a romance or a folktale, with its mind definitely made up as to what it can accomplish. It lays the frame of its plot down over a story, and by judicious shearing away, compression, omission, and readjusting, it succeeds in fitting a tale which in one form may take several thousand lines to tell, into a plot of thirty stanzas. In fact, one almost ventures to assert that the ballad as form exists prior to the ballad as poetry, that is, as a Platonic reality in the shape of an idea. It exercises too a selective power; some stories, however excellent they may be as folktales or romances, the ballad rejects because maybe the material is too complicated or because it lacks pliability or tragic necessity. Apparently it feels as if

there were no dearth of good stories and that it need not take up with every tale that it lights upon. Then a narrative that has passed through the ballad process can never be retold simply as a story, for it is no longer the same; it has lost all that justified its existence; it has become but a shadow of its former self, like the lover in the Irish legend, who, having tasted of fairy food and listened to fairy music, forgot his relation to earthly beings.

One may ask at this point how is it possible for a ballad of twenty stanzas to reproduce adequately a story which costs the romance some twelve hundred lines? To one fresh from a reading of Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale* of the Patient Griselda, "that flour of wyfly pacience," with the cadence still ringing in his ears of such lines as,

Ful lyk a mooder, with hir salte teres
She batheth bothe hir visage and hir hereȝ,

or

And as a lamb she sitteth meke and stille
And lut this cruel sergeant doon his wille,—

to such an one it may appear that the possibilities of the story have been exhausted, that Chaucer spoke most truly when in conclusion he said,

Griselde is deed and eek hir pacience.

But no! the ballad of *Child Waters* has related right piteously the same story of a wife's patience and loyalty subjected to severe trials by her heartless lord and with far more wanton cruelty. True its verse is far simpler and ruder than that of the romance, it has no room for reflections, moralizings, and analysis of character, for the ballad folk were not given to generalizing; it has no room for descriptions and long, set speeches, and it must necessarily limit itself to a few incidents and to a single narrative stream. Yet its homely pathos, adorned with what grace succeeding generations of balladists have managed to call into being, is right moving and measures

up well against that of its more ambitious relative. And it too has verses which haunt one like the aftergleam of sunset:

"She saies, I had rather have one kisse,
Child Waters, of thy mouth,
Then I wold have Cheshire and Lancashire both
That lyes by north and south.

"And I had rather have a twinkling,
Child Waters, of your eye,
Then I wold have Cheshire and Lancashire both
To take them mine owne to bee."

It would be difficult to pick out any other form of art which displays such marked disparity between means and effect. Truly the wonder of it is how can it exhibit life so richly and variedly when the nature of its origin in a festal throng compels it to disregard all the legitimate means of decoration allowed to other forms of poetry. One of the secrets of the ballad's success was lighted upon by the poet Gray, who in a letter to his friend, William Mason, commented on the ballad of *Childe Maurice*: "I have got the old Scotch ballad on which *Douglas* was founded: it is divine. Have you never seen it? Aristotle's best rules are observed in it in a manner that shows the author never had heard of Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play. You may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story." There's the secret! When you get to the end it is impossible not to understand the whole story!

Beginning as it frequently does with the fifth act, the ballad of necessity trusts to the fact that the word suggests far more than it ever tells and that reticence is as eloquent as speech to float the imagination out voyaging in quest of details. To translate this cardinal principle of the ballad's tragic art into living terms one needs but turn to that most compressed of all ballads—*The Twa Corbies*, whose brevity and beauty are sufficient excuse for quoting entire:

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Here in a poem of five stanzas is unfolded a tale of guilty love, treachery, desertion, and death, and yet how meagre are the details. It will be noted too that the ballad, instead of conducting us through the story step by step as it occurred, has leaped past the climax and picked out a single moment or situation, and that a telling one. The actors have all departed, leaving the field to the slain knight and the croaking ravens; the action proper has come to a stop. Hence, at the end of the poem everything is situated precisely as it was at the beginning, though we may readily presume that the ravens, true to their kind, hopped off of the tree and began their grisly work of feasting on the dead. The ballad contents itself with setting the imagination at work on a few significant details, leaving it to us to plot out how the guilty pair must have lured the knight to this lonely spot and there had him murdered, while his hawk and his hound faithlessly went about their business of the hunt. And enveloping the whole is an atmosphere of unrelieved desolation, accentuated by the sardonic view of the affair taken by the scavenger ravens.

If the *Twa Corbies* begins after the action has taken place, the ballad of *Edward* takes up when the story is two-thirds through. The ability of the ballad to read into particular and casual experience the universal and typical, and to concentrate a long series of events with causal and resulting relations into a brief moment is nowhere better exemplified than in *Edward*, the glory and pride of Scottish balladry. Though it presents but two characters, who standing face to face question and receive answers; though it deals with that portion of the action which has been frozen into quietude by the reaction following upon a great crime; though in space and well nigh in time the speakers scarcely move: yet one feels at the close that a great drama has been played, of which the closing scene alone remains in the memory, with the preceding events drifting in the mind like things seen through a glass darkly. Like many of the old Greek dramas its plot is founded upon the horror of domestic tragedy; unlike them it does not assume the reader to be familiar with the long train of incidents which have of necessity led to this last act. But after reading this ballad one is in little doubt as to what has gone before, so universal is its appeal. It is as if we had dropped in on the play at the closing scene; necessarily we are in ignorance of what it is about until at the very end, when through an allusion the whole story is flashed before us stretching back in time and causes like a receding vista.

True to good ballad convention it opens up without preliminaries by plunging us at once into the heart of affairs, and with unerring dramatic instinct visualizes the scene by a reference to the bloody sword in the hand of Edward. And no less swiftly are they swept from our view. Furthermore the two are wholly isolated from the setting of time and place, the mother is not named and the son is not even designated by his title. Bit by bit we learn that he has slain his father, that he is lord of castles, that he has hawk and hounds, that he has wife and bairns, that he lives near the seashore, that in reparation for his deed he imposes on himself voluntary exile, and finally that his mother is implicated in the guilt, if not being ultimately responsible for the crime. To make the latter point plausible the ballad relies upon our general human ex-

perience. From Clytemnestra down wives have proved unfaithful to their husbands and sons have murdered their fathers. Equally typical of the ballad's tragic art is the absence of expressed emotion; the mother, upon hearing her son's confession, makes no outcry, neither of horror nor of grief. The prospect of losing towers and ha' calls forth but a passing sigh that they were sae fair to see; the destitution of wife and bairns left to the mercy of an almsgiving public excites no pity. Her concern is solely, if we read the ballad aright, with the question of her share in the crime. And this she does not ask outright because such a method of inquiry is opposed to the ballad's feeling for dramatic suspense. And having accomplished its purpose of presenting a tragic situation the ballad here leaves the characters.

Akin to *Edward* in its securing the utmost fulness of effect by means of the qualities of mystery, reticence, suggestion, and the suppression of the main point until the last, together with a use of question and evasive answer to elicit the truth, is the widely spread ballad of *Lord Randal*, which relates how the mother learned that her son had been poisoned by his sweetheart. Here again it is the situation taken up just after the climax and just before the final catastrophe that engrosses the attention of the balladist. Though the movement of the action has come to a standstill, yet the movement of the thought goes on as inexorably as that of time itself. No question is asked at random; each one constitutes an essential link in the train of evidence which discloses in the final revelation that which we feel the mother already suspects. Having here achieved its end of depicting a situation in its entirety the ballad closes without comment, leaving us in the dark as to why the sweetheart poisoned her lover and as to what became of the mother.

When a ballad chooses to relate incidents instead of portraying a situation, it exhibits wonderful power in bringing the heart of things into view and of charging them with emotion, not so much through the direct voicing of grief and woe as through the playing upon the "*lacrimae rerum*," the elemental pathos that attaches itself to the very nature of thwarted love and cut-off life. In every case the emotion is dramatically conceived and objectified. The lords that sailed the

wintry sea with Sir Patrick Spens in the "grand old ballad" of that name were all drowned. But their ladies, who were looking forward to their return, knew nothing of the disaster; their suspense and anxiety is inseparable from the action; the two must be presented together, and hence the concluding stanzas run:

O lang, lang may their ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spens
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may their ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Wating for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Similarly Mary Hamilton, in the ballad of the same name, who was condemned to death for drowning the child she had borne to the king, links up the pity of her death with her duties as one of the Queen's maids, who now will number but three:

"Last nicht there was four Maries,
The nicht there'l be but three;
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me."

Similarly Young Waters, who had to die "for the words that the queen had spoke," must throw on a screen, as it were, his lament over his untimely end by calling to mind other times when he rode through Stirling town in the pride of life and, as we may infer, attended by pomp and circumstance:

"Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town
In the wind bot and the weit;
Bot I neir rode thro Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

"Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town
In the wind bot and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town
Neir to return again."

In the *Unquiet Grave* feeling is unusually subjective and in the first stanza links itself with the setting:

"The wind doth blow today, my love,
And a few small drops of rain;
I never had but one true-love,
In cold grave she was lain."

But in the second stanza it attaches itself to the action:

"I'll do as much for my true-love
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day."

But the main field for the play of tragic forces is not the outer works, the courts, and the porticoes, but the inner fastnesses; not the structure and the atmosphere, but the characters of the agents, their passions, desires, and emotions hardening into will and thence issuing into action. No less concerned with determining the degree of tragic power animating this form of poetry is the moral attitude of the ballad folk, the ethical code which pronounces judgment on a man's acts and awards him the good or evil lots. The question comes up, are they sensible of a superhuman control of affairs, of an eternal justice that holds the world from flying apart into moral chaos and keeps the heavens from wrong? And then, since the soul of estimates lies in comparison, it will not come amiss to stand our ballad hero up against the background of tragic grandeur that shadows the paths of men in the drama.

Speaking in Hegelian terms, we do not meet in the ballads with agents identified with moral powers, which, equally right in themselves, contrive, through their jostling with each other to obtain supreme control, to overturn human happiness. Antigone, in her claim for the predominance of the family right to bury her dead brother and thus satisfy natural human cravings sanctioned by divinity, was crushed by Creon in his counter-assertion of the absolute right of the state. He in turn saw ruin strewn around him through the disturbance he created in the balance between the great unseen forces lying around and above man's life, which, before they settled to repose, swept

even innocent beings clean out of existence. Nor do we find the fortunes of our characters linked with evil destinies, such as the shadows of hereditary curses, which spread their black wings over the lives of Orestes and Oedipus and darkened their ways before them until appeased by suffering and death. As the ballad narrative structure resembles that of the Greek drama in its concentration and absence of complexity, so the ballad heroes are comparable to those of the ancients in their simplicity of character and directness of aim. Both are elemental in their passions. But where the Greek figures are elevated above the common run of men by becoming the mouth-pieces of great, intangible laws, those of the ballad, like those of the modern drama, are involved in ends wholly personal and essential to their existence as human beings. We can say of the ballad hero as of the Shakesperian that "character is destiny." In making such a comparison we must remember that here too "it is a far cry to Loch Awe." In Macbeth we have an individual who has tilted against a universal force and gone down in the shock, as individuals must do before the might of the universal. His character was made up of warring forces, some of which, like a treacherous ally, deserted and joined themselves to what was contending against him,—circumstances, accidents, feelings of resentment at seeing honor, gratitude, loyalty, and regard for the rights of others all outraged. And these hostile powers, made concrete in the persons of the enemies he raised up, thus reinforced by his divided self manage to illustrate the Aristotelian idea of tragedy by creating a story

"Of him that stood in gret prosperitee
And is yfallen out of high degree
In to miserie, and endeth wretchedly."

Hence the life of the spirit became for him a desert waste and the world of men

"a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

But like all tragic figures of the Shakesperian drama he rose to beauty and greatness in his assertion of his will to be himself,

to live and pursue his own ends in a manner natural to himself. It is this affirmation of one's true self to express, as one does the juice from the grape, the essence of one's own being, whether for good or evil, to act at a moment of great crisis in a direction that is the resultant of all the forces of heredity and environment, of one's past life and one's projected future, that is the generative source of really great tragedy. It matters less that the man has gone down a prey to the blind virulence of opposing forces or to the onward rush of the forces themselves than that he has asserted the freedom of the will, without which tragedy would be but an unreasonable disposition of life.

It is by virtue of possessing this affirmative spirit that the ballad heroes maintain their claim of kinship with the famous dead. The grounds of difference have their origin in the structure rather than in the tissue of the narrative; the brevity of the story and the objectivity of representation allow the ballad personages no room for discovering to us the ferment working in their minds, turning love to hate, the struggle between reason and passion, wasting the man's spiritual strength. Naturally we miss that intensification of the catastrophe which grows out of witnessing from the beginning the gradual dissolution of the order of things that prevails when the play opens; for there is no revelation of the secret promptings of the individual conscience, which throw into conflict individual rights and old laws and induce the moral nature to break out of bounds. The men and women of the ballad world are not unlike wrestlers whose training has been held in secret: all that has gone to make them what they are, the tempering of their nature by shocks and the fixing of their wills by meditation and opposition, has all been worked out before they appear to our view, and they now stand prepared for the supreme and final tests which are to call their whole self into action. The ballad personages stand identified with one characteristic, one that gives the entire direction to their course of action. They are moved by motives perfectly intelligible and, apparently believing that human nature alone is sufficient for the exigencies of its own trials, are willing to stake life itself with no intervention from heaven to win to their ends. When such a

definitive quality challenges one equally assertive but hostile, there is bound to result conflict and tragedy, for each quality abides by its own directive force and will ask for nothing else than that it be allowed to remain true to itself until the issue be played out.

The entire nature of the elder sister, who in the *Twa Sisters* pushes the younger into the sea, is jealousy and revenge for slighted charms. Whatever else has entered into her life to make her a complex being is wholly submerged beneath the welling up of the one dominating passion. Clerk Saunders insisted upon sleeping with his lady-love despite the warning from Margeret that her seven brothers would discover them. But he was the will to do personified and she, filling out to the full the measure of a woman whose nature it was to yield to a lover's solicitations, gave way with the result that

Between Clerk Saunders hause and collar-bane
The cald iron met thegither.

The same determination to carry his will into effect leads Sweet Willy in the *Bent Sae Brown* to resolve

"Betide me life, betide me death,
My love I'll gang and see,"

and with better luck attending him he won his way safely into her bower and out again in spite of the

three fierce men
Amang the bent sae brown.

For words that have the ring of iron and open up the recess of a being of unconquerable mettle there's no excelling the speech in which the dying Johnie Armstrong exhorted his men:

Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine;
For I will stand by and bleed but awhile,
And then will I come and fight againe.

Read where we may among the ballads we shall not find in those genuinely vouched for any character that fails to live up

the part assigned him by the balladist. The evil stepmother, the false serving-man, the loyal page, the jealous king, the hostile father or brother, the brave outlaw, the single-minded lover, the betrayed true-love,—all have this in common: however much life and death mattered to them, they never through fear of death denied the integrity of their part but bore it out "to the edge of doom."

But what of the ballad's feeling for poetic justice? Are the denouements, the causes and consequences more than skilful manipulations of technical materials? Are the men and women more than the playthings of blind chance?

In the shaping of lines of action toward catastrophes there is evident a recognition of a monistic system of inherence and sequence of events, a running up of causality to mind, and an ability to detach deeds from physical relationships and to see them as links in a necessary chain of consequences forged by the reaction of mind upon matter. Now on the one hand we have a view, long a favorite tenet with some readers, that the ballads are absolutely unmoral in that they exhibit no connection between conduct and ethics. On the other hand we have Sidney Lanier's belief "that he who walks in the way the following ballads point will be manful in necessary fight, fair in trade, loyal in love, generous to the poor, tender in the household, prudent in living, plain in speech, merry upon occasion, simple in behavior, and honest in all things." All of this may be true enough of the ballads which Lanier edited for boys' reading; but in the main, with the exception of the manfulness in fight, we may say as Sterne said of his text in a sermon, "All this I flatly deny!" For in the whole collection of ballads edited by Child we find often enough the reverse side of all the virtues enumerated here. In reply to the opinion maintained above we must acknowledge that the subject-matter is often revolting, consisting of domestic tragedies of all sorts; murders of father by son, of sister by sister, of sister by brother, of brother by brother, of babes by mothers, unfaithfulness, desertion, treachery, adultery, and incest. The error seems to lie in the failure to realize that the ballad prefers to cast its moral concepts as well as its emotional states in concrete form and to objectify them in the shape of denouements. A truism it is

to say that the balladist never obtrudes his personal convictions into the story, never speaks in his own person, never, in fact, expresses a personal relationship at all. But if he had no sense of the eternal rightness of things why should he so inevitably dispose his forces of reaction of character upon character or of character upon circumstances that the final outcome is invariably retributive in its justice? He never allows evil to flow from good nor good from evil. The agents themselves never fail to recognize that certain acts must be paid for with appropriate penalties. Real life sees many violations of the moral code unrectified. Men have slaughtered their kin, seized upon another's patrimony, wrecked domestic happiness in countless ways, and yet so far are they from possessing the decency of the ballad actor, who oftentimes pronounces his own doom, that they entrench themselves all the more strongly in their evil, determined to enjoy the fruits thereof. Not so in the ballad world. Edward after slaying his father imposes on himself the judgment of perpetual exile. Life must have looked sweet to Little Musgrave when discovered sleeping in the arms of Lord Barnard's wife, but he never thought of shrinking from the fight. The balladist might as well have made Little Musgrave to be as skilful a fencer as Lord Barnard, but such a contingency would not have accorded with his sense of the fitness of things that the man who wronged the trust of another should fall by the avenger's sword. Instances of the ballad folk's unerring moral sense multiply themselves. Lord Thomas, in a fit of sulks, lets drop Fair Annet and woos a "nut-browne bride," whose superior claim lay in her dowry, though it must be confessed that Fair Annet had no lack of "gowd and gear" when she could afford to ride a horse shod with silver before and "wi burning gowd behind." Fair Annet determined to see the wedding. Once placed side by side with the Nut-browne Bride she stirred up again her lover's affections so that he clean forgot his new love. It was no more than natural that the latter should stab Fair Annet to the heart with her bodkin when her lord, having kissed a rose, reached past her and laid it upon Fair Annet's knee. And equally plain before the man lay the duty of avenging his true-love's death by plunging his

dagger first into the Nut-browne Maiden's heart and then into his own. A primitive and pagan sense of justice you may say; but a sense of justice it was, for plighted love has its rights which, while never erected into a code, admit of no trifling. However much one feels that the jilted sweetheart was within her natural rights when she stabbed her false lover, Young Hunting, for saying,

"O Lady, rock never your young son young
One hour longer for me,
For I have a sweetheart in Garlick's Wells
I love thrice better than thee;"

one acquiesces in the justice which, demanding a life for a life, burned the lady at the stake. So unfailingly do evil actions meet with evil ends that one is tempted to imagine that the ballad of the *Twa Corbies* was inspired to protest, like Job, against the dictum that the wicked are not allowed to prosper and die full of days, for it pursues the guilty couple with no avenging nemesis. Seemingly it took a cynical pleasure in displaying the reverse side of the *Three Ravens*, which tells how the slain knight was guarded by his hawk and hounds until his lady-love came and buried him. Against such a pretty picture of faithfulness making death beautiful it places a picture of heartlessness making death tragical. Rare indeed is the expression of such an anarchical attitude.

Finally there is left to mention the fragile beauty of ballad lines, which defy both analysis and competition. We meet with no gorgeous pageantry of words, no stately, elevated similes, no richness of suggestion such as are at the command of the epic and lyric poets. Rather their charm must be sought for in their simplicity, in their innate fitness, in their suggestion of long-vanished choral gatherings, and lastly in their indefinable, magical melody, which lingers in the mind and makes their appeal independent of the context. In fact, one of the lasting things to bear away from the ballads is the recollections of such verses as

He's louted him oer his saddle bow
To kiss her cheek and chin,

OR

There is dule in the kitchen and mirth in the hall,
But the Baron of Brackley is dead and awa,

or finally, for one must stop somewhere,

Hie upon Hielands,
And laigh upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rode out on a day.

Socialist Participation in the World War

HARRY EMERSON WILDES

When a long succession of sultry summer days has made the atmosphere murky, the coming of a severe electrical storm often restores clarity and accuracy to landscape perspectives. Such an agency for our philosophical statecrafts is the devastating war in Europe, with all the storm severity and all the storm beneficence enormously magnified to meet a world necessity. Our theories were formulated and our dogmas crystallized without testing their practical application, until now, when the vast hurricane is broken we see many of the most cherished illusions in danger of being swept by the board.

Perhaps the most marvelous of recent developments has been the universal spread of democratic propaganda, especially in the phase exemplified by Socialism. In years of comparative tranquility such power has been gained as to sweep into the parliaments of the world Socialist member after Socialist member—110 in Germany; 356, with the supporting parties, in France; 156 in Austria; 50 in Belgium,—to elect countless minor representatives among city officials, and to carry in its train a partial liberalization in Persia, China, Russia and Turkey, (concessions which, however impotent, were nevertheless indications of democratic growth in soil reputed most unproductive), and correspondingly to seize men's minds by spectacular evidence of success.

Adherents to any cause are always more rapidly acquired by a demonstration of successes gained; the call of the conqueror is a most powerful appeal, for men love to align with the "compact majority" or, at least to ally themselves to projects so surely advancing as to permit them to appear as participants in the inauguration of the "coming thing." To many persons the achievements of Socialism seemed to imply its certainty as a "coming thing."

But to hold the affection of these, and to secure the allegiance of many more, new slogans had to be invented and old war cries enlarged upon. Movements can never remain con-

tent with the mere principles enunciated by the founders, new adherents require embellishments in whose formulation they may seem to have shared, while old partisans demand constant stimulation to increased endeavor by the introduction of more highly seasoned fare. One cannot maintain his appetite save by healthful labor in refreshing surroundings, or by some form of artificial stimulation. The working man had quite enough labor, the wearisome factor was that his atmosphere seemed stale, as he thought, with a decaying capitalism. The leaders, and theorists, therefore, supplied stimulation, as leaders and theorists must, for self-preservation. There can be but little red-fire enthusiasm for a cause perennially before the people; to be truly progressive, new conceptions must be evolved, or minor ideas, heretofore undeveloped, amplified by presentations in a new light.

So with Socialism. Latterly, during the old years of peace, there had arisen a conviction that war could not come, that the workers of the world would unite on this one thing as they had never before united on anything. To be sure, Socialists had always denounced warfare, but that aspect had been comparatively neglected while other important assertions had been emphasized; only within recent years had this pacifist position been fully proclaimed. Many a worker and many an intellectual became an ally through the platform feature, nor is there a particle of doubt that the leaders were entirely sincere in their peaceful protestations and heartily imbued with the aspirations professed.

Then came the war, and when the first clouds had lifted from the prompt censorships and news from the warring nations began to trickle through, it was discovered that these same Socialist leaders, and hosts of the party's rank and file, were frankly sympathetic with the war parties. It was a shock to the world and a shock to the Socialists themselves.

The opponents of Socialism thereupon made much of the virtual betrayal, pointing to this failure as an indication of the eventual collapse of Socialistic manifestation throughout the world. Confidently they assumed that failure to attain one ideal involved failure to attain any of the ideals proclaimed by Socialist preachers. They asserted that the war's outcome

would include a not altogether unalloyed regret were the propaganda utterly crushed. There arose rumors that the governments had deliberately endeavored to defeat the rising democratic movement by just such a demonstration of inefficiency in a crisis. Men began to delve beneath the ostensible causes and to scratch the surface of an economic motive by declaring that the Czar, burdened by the revolutionist strike, had combined with the British merchants, and the French financiers, and that the Kaiser had gladly seized the opportunity to repress his own meddlesome Social-Democrats. Contempt and pity were expressed for poor Socialist dupes, who forgetful of their "War—What For?" had rushed to their regiments. For a time, while query after query was propounded as to them, silence reigned among American Socialists, because convincing explanations concerning this phenomenon could not readily be arranged. No answer was possible which did not comprise either repudiation of previous assertions or miserable evasion by the defensive warfare theory which could convince no skeptic.

The truth is that no Socialist could have warded off this war. Germany may be intensely autocratic, but if in any country 38.4 per cent of the voters—the Socialist vote in Germany—unanimously disapproved a vital step, that step would be impossible. The 38.4 per cent of German voters may have been systematically repressed by its rulers, it may have been under-represented through the voting system, but it comprised the rank and file of the army, and no militarism could have forced it into war against its explicit consent. The war spirit is the manifestation of a barbaric instinct which civilization has varnished over rather than eradicated. Only slight abrasions are required to erode that varnish and to restore the impulses and actions of primitive man. Carefully nurtured patriotism and emotional appeal to an instinctive hatred of aliens can implicitly be relied upon to destroy any chance effect that culture may have succeeded in establishing, and when once these instruments have been put to use, the brutalities are limitless for which presumably civilized men may show aptitude. Germany is now the scape-goat by her shelling of Rheims Cathedral and her burning of Louvain. Hence it is

widely heralded that disregard for aesthetics is instilled by German culture, an assertion steadfastly supported by references to Treitschke, von Bernhardi, and the rest. But Germany is by no means alone in this unenviable distinction. Within the memory of living men, England by warfare, has thrust opium upon the Chinese, and has since consistently opposed every effort for abatement of the traffic proposed by the more enlightened Celestials; our own Sherman cut a devastating swath across Georgia that is still recalled with such bitterness that the exultant song which recounted his exploits is banned below Mason and Dixon's line; the Czar's appeal to his "beloved Jews" is a horrible mockery to those who remember Kieff and Ritual Murder; while a few scant years ago, Belgium, the innocent, through her treatment of Congo natives, was the butt of petition and the contempt of the world. Brutality is inherent in the best of us; we all have a large dash of Bill Sikes which needs only the gratings of warfare to bring to the surface, and so, when the drum beats and colored buntings wave to and fro, our finer feelings, even those which we believe deep-rooted convictions, give way, and we rush to the blood-call. Men never consider their own adherents belligerent,—I doubt if there was ever a conflict into which both parties did not honestly consider themselves unwillingly driven for the furtherance of some divine end, or for more secure defense against supposed aggression—and are always ready to justify their warrings by the plea of forced necessity. Civilization has required that our natural instincts must be glossed by some plausible excuse, but explanation is never lacking.

Thinking men have pointed out that the loss of Rheims roused waves of indignation that our own barbarities could never arouse. The bombardment of Colorado women, the criminal delinquency of a Titanic, the terrible outcome of the Triangle Company's failure to observe the fire laws are, in a brief while, either palliated or neglected by our people, while the destruction of a medieval cathedral is held in such great horror. True it is that labor is ever abundant; that the loss of a few workmen is a reparable event, while Rheims represented the irreplaceable medieval spirit; that the patient toil of the loving, devout, artisans who worked so earnestly and fixedly upon the

facade of that edifice is today an unknown feature; and that the majestic symmetry of the Cathedral has inspired holy thoughts and artistic ideals in the breasts of all who have looked upon it. These, unfortunately, are not the sentiments that induced popular outcry against the German forces. They are not entirely the sentiments of all who have seen Rheims, they are the sentiments only of the artists and mystics who have had the privilege of viewing Rheims, and tourists have long been notoriously deficient in either mysticism or artistic appreciation.

We have deprecated Rheims and ignored Ludlow because property crime is greater with us than personal crime, because our conception of religion is such that we consider the temple rather than those who fill the temple, and because our culture is the culture that looks backward to what has been wrought instead of what is yet to be done. Rheims may never be replaced, it may never even suffer restoration, but Rheims will live in picture and in memory hereafter, with neither human tragedy nor want attached to its loss as to the loss of ignorant immigrants at Ludlow. We are not truly civilized nor truly cultured until we can understand that the sacrifice and devotion shown by workmen who are by their little contributions financing labor strikes are of more magnificently idyllic calibre than even the devotion of Rheims artisans. Admitting that their cause may be unjust, that their methods may even be reprehensible, wonder at their steadfastness and willingness for hardship and privation can scarcely be denied. Modern altruism is a universal social altruism, medieval altruism was a local and personal altruism. One of the chief reasons why America is opposed to German ends is that unconsciously we recognize that Pan-Germanism is medieval and not modern, that though Germany is merely applying to the Allies tactics of which each of the Allies has itself made use, the day for such tactics has passed. England may have been the greatest offender in land hungering, Napoleonic France, the great aggressor, Russia, the most heartless oppressor of subject provinces; but the democratic cosmopolitanism now permeating the world has destroyed forever the toleration once accorded these deeds. The social aspect is changing and Pan-German-

ism is caught by the turn of the tide as laggard movements are ever caught and condemned by more enlightened succeeding epochs.

That Socialists in Germany have failed to appreciate their position in upholding medievalism casts no stigma upon them as individuals. More than any other the progressively democratic mind is impossible to materialize into a definite program. It is a cardinal principle of democratic belief that progress ceases the moment the inspiration underlying that progress becomes hardened into a creed. Though Collectivist in his conception of government, the Socialist is individualistic in his conception of Collectivism. Statecraft, like every other artistic embodiment tends to reduce to routine, to express in terms of some constant the ever variant developments of a given problem. But men's minds engrossed in study cannot conceive that their problem has developed, they are inevitably apt to examine their situation as a cross-section of still-life, though their very hypothesis states that the object is actively in motion. When a group unites in an examination this tendency becomes far more accentuated. A party that attacks but one phase of a subject can readily function despite the tendency to change, for phases vary only slightly in their respective relations; but men seeking to observe over an entire economic field learn that some political synchronizer is required to maintain their instruments in proper adjustment.

In the very nature of the Socialist movement, therefore, a political party is nearly impracticable since it can exist only for opportunist purposes. The policy becomes dictated by momentary advantage rather than eventual success. In order to operate, it must yield to compromise, must stand firm here and give way there, trusting to shrewd political skill for minor strategic gains; it must lay undue stress upon unimportant lapses of a dominant party; assume the position of adversary in every dispute guaranteed not to harm the party interest; must champion a popular cause for purely political effect.

Irrespective of whether the false impression was spread deliberately in the nations now at war that each armed merely for defensive purposes and was itself attacked, there can be little serious doubt that the conflict was popular everywhere.

Travelers, correspondents, communications, all indicate the overwhelming sentiment for warfare. The Continent was aflame. Those who raised mildly protesting voices were immediately suppressed; John Burns and Lord Morley are by many British considered traitors to the King, Jaurés was shot, Liebknecht arrested as Bebel had been before him. For any party to have set itself officially in opposition to the undeniable national temper must have been suicidal, and opportunist parties, fearful of odium in opposing actions desired by the mass, had no recourse but to support it, even though individual sentiments were strongly hostile. The Socialist parties in the nations at war, like parliamentary Socialists everywhere, could only be opportunist.

But to close reasoners it will occur that the evil of alliance by democratic propagandists to medieval methods consists not in the granting of war-funds, but in continued allegiance to outrageous methods of warfare. Germany, for example, violated Belgian neutrality, bombarded Scarborough, an unfortified town, incited the Turk to war against Christians, and similarly with an indefinite series of atrocities which no socially thinking man could condone, yet German Socialists still officially support their Fatherland, though every neutral voice rises in protest.

In all fairness, however, these actions must be judged as they appear to the Germans, not as they seem to us. America undeniably is indignant at the invasion of Belgium, but our anger arises not alone that Belgium has been trespassed upon, but because we are still chiefly of British descent, that we therefore look upon events with much of British astigmatism, minimizing the wounds which the British inflict, magnifying those things which hurt Great Britain. Our news, moreover, filters chiefly through allied sources, and must necessarily, however unconsciously, be so colored in transmission and translation that the interests of the Allies are enlarged and the detriments caused by the Allies somewhat less urgently pressed. German sympathizers are not depraved, their racial bias is as righteous as the Slav or Latin, their national morality neither higher nor lower than that of Russian or Frenchman. If Germany violated Belgium, Japan and England violated China, yet we con-

done the China incident as necessitated by the nature of the case, and by Germany's prior example. But we should not soothe Chinese indignation thereby, though we might justify the incident to ourselves. Had China made war against the Jap and British invader, as Belgium did against the German, we certainly would not have become indignant at Japan or Great Britain. Candidly, we must confess our greater likelihood of becoming indignant at Germany for bringing China, as well as Turkey, into the conflict. With all honesty Germans fail to recognize their peculiar wrong in breaking treaty obligations when every other nation in history has done so, when circumstances rendered their compacts antiquated. If England disregarded her word to the Sultan concerning Egypt, if America deliberately broke her promise to the Chinese by restricting immigration, if France violated the Algeiras Convention when the treaty ink was barely dry, why, in the German view, should Germany be reviled for the same, especially when Gladstone himself had described the Belgian situation as ununderstandable chaos? If German ships bombarded Whitby and Scarborough, French and British ships had thrown shells into Ostend and Westende, both unfortified. We explain the latter by the plea that German troops were garrisoned there, so the Germans justify attacks upon the British towns by the presence of defensive trenches, coast-guns and Territorials. If Germany brought the Turks into the war, England first brought in the Japs, Sikhs, and Ghurkas, and Oriental intrusion to the German seems certainly less justified than Turkish. The neutral nation must look fairly upon both sides of the shield, and as far as possible consider the deeds of the combatants from the combatants' point of view.

Seeing, then, the manner in which the German Socialist regards what the British Socialist would think indefensible, it is impossible to accuse him of treachery to his training. The Socialist responds to national enthusiasm precisely as the mass of people do. With a dictator's power, he would immediately stop the slaughter, but having power neither individually nor collectively, he is forced to act as every other of his countrymen acts. In his party he cannot run counter to popular de-

mand, in his individual capacity the attempt would be folly. The 38.4 per cent in Germany did not desire war, given the opportunity they would have denied war, but the 38.4 per cent could not defeat the 61.6 per cent who seemingly did want war. It is extremely complimentary to the united Socialists to accuse them of the responsibility, but it is an undeserved and thoughtless compliment.

It cannot be denied that Socialist prestige has been lowered by the occurrence of this war, nor that the movement now is at a lower ebb than in years. Perhaps it may mean ultimate collapse for the parliamentary Socialism we know today through the transformation of opportunist tactics into a sound, clear-headed progressivism. Every recent conflict has contributed greatly to the spread of democratic principles, every war has seen as its outcome some mighty concession to popular liberalization. Such a result this war will also bring. Militarism throughout Europe, whether German, French or Russian, crushed, electoral reforms introduced, amelioration of poverty and want furthered in some way,—these, the years of readjustment must witness when final peace has been declared. If the party shall have died to procure some effectual advance in Social Justice no Socialist will regret the loss. The principles of human rights and equalization of opportunity need no limiting label of factions, and both can only be advanced by the revulsions of feeling destined to be asserted when this present preliminary struggle is decided.

Portrait of a Lady: Eugénie de Guérin

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

She lived a solitary, an almost eremitical life, utterly secluded from the contact, and almost from the knowledge, of the great world. No isolation in America today could be quite so complete as that of a lady in a French provincial town a hundred years ago: the same quiet waysides, the same faces at the same corners, the same seasons in their eternal change, the bell of centuries tolling a monotonous succession of births, marriages, and deaths. The varied doings of mankind in hasty cities, kings crowned and uncrowned, new thoughts, new fashions, new vices, new beauty, echoed in that tranquil dwelling, like the far passage of some martial pageant stirring a dream. "Two visits, two letters written, one received, fill a day," she says; "fill a day full for us."

She did not complain of the solitude, she loved it: She was born in it, grew up in it, and wished to die in it. Every tree, every flower was a friend to her. Old sunlit walls caressed her with a touch like love's. "I could take a vow to remain here forever," she says. "No place could be to me so much my home." The habit of loneliness grows on her, as all our habits do, until one day, returning to a house quite empty, she exclaims, "You cannot think how gaily I took possession of this abandoned dwelling. Here I am alone, absolutely alone, in a place which of itself breeds calm reflection. I hear the passers pass, and do not even turn my head."

In a life so unbroken little movements made a great stir. Twice she sojourned for a few weeks in Paris and she made one brief visit to a watering place in the Pyrenees. On all these occasions she was quick and wide-eyed to catch what went on about her. She responded to great scenes and notable monuments and was not incurious as to the ways of men and women. But she felt no eagerness to change her own habits and returned with undisturbed delight to the places she had always loved. "Repose is what delights me; not inaction, but the poised quiet of a heart that is content."

Do not imagine that her solitude meant always quiet, how-

ever. Such outward peace perhaps fosters inward turbulence, at any rate leaves room for it. Hearts unvexed by the world's rash hurry have tempests and revolutions and tumults all their own. How many strange soul combats go on in quiet tenements. How many fierce struggles pass unperceived and unrecorded, perhaps not worth recording, yet of immense significance to those who conquer or succumb. "All my days are alike, so far as the outer world goes," writes Mademoiselle de Guérin; "but with the soul's life it is different, nothing could be more varied, more flexible, more subject to perpetual change."

Two main, essential objects of all her inner life and thought kept her in this unceasing agitation. One was her brother, Maurice. She had another brother and a sister whom she loved and cherished. To her father she was a sympathetic companion and a faithful attendant. But Maurice was confessedly more to her than any one else. He was younger than she. She had supplied for him the place of the mother who died early. She tended him, watched over him, guided him, and when he went out into the great world, thought of him and prayed for him perpetually.

He was one who well deserved such affection. Sensitive, delicate in health and in feeling, imaginative, finely touched to all the fine issues of genius, his brief life was torn and tortured by alternate aspiration and doubt, by vast dreams of what he might achieve and miserable distrust of his ability to achieve anything. He died young and left behind him a Journal recording these struggles with pathetic fidelity and one short prose poem which has wide harmonies of classic dignity and echoing grandeur, hardly surpassed by the *Hyperion* of Keats. Who that knows that music can ever forget it? "*O Mélampe! les dieux errants ont posé leur lyres sur les pierres; mais aucun—aucun ne l'y a oubliée.*"

The sister also kept a Journal. But while Maurice's was addressed to himself or to curious posterity, hers was addressed only to him; even after death had snatched him from her, only to him. All her inmost thoughts go there, all her hopes, all her sorrows, and to pour them out to him is the great preoccupation of her life. She can say to him things

she cannot say to others. He will understand. He has always understood. With great and with little events it is the same. A sunset walk in the fields and the death of a dear friend—each alike must be discussed with Maurice. All the emotion each brings with it must be confided to him. Anxiety for his health, for his future, for his happiness is constantly blended with her own daily doings, the whole making a curious tissue of love, as fine and delicate as it is tender and true.

To turn to the brother's Journal from the sister's is a fruitful lesson in human nature. In her life everything is related to him. In his she is an element, an episode, beloved, delightful, nothing more. Her name hardly occurs in his Journal, even casually. The letters he writes to her are affectionate, and appeal for comfort when he needs it. He was the sun of her life. In his, even before his marriage, she was only a tranquil star, shining quietly, treasured, but not always remembered. She knew this. Love always knows. Looking back, after he was gone, she wonders if she did not sometimes bore him. When she had him with her, she longed for letters used to come, not always bringing what she demanded of them. "How my fingers burned to open those letters in which at last I was to see you. I have seen you, but I do not know you. You open only your head to me. It was your heart, your soul, the very inmost of your being, what makes your life, that I hoped to see."

No lack of response made any difference in the sister's ardent affection, however, unless perhaps to increase the ardor, as sometimes happens in this inconsequent world. Eugénie's thought was ever on the beloved object, on his reading, on his thinking, on his material welfare, on his varied failures and successes in his efforts to overcome the maddening poverty which hampered his progress. Yet how strange are the vagaries of the human heart. With all her passionate thought and affection, I do not find that she gave much heed to the one interest which was positive in Maurice's life, his desire to achieve enduring beauty for the delight of men. When a life is devoured by this longing, it measures all things and all people by their sympathy with it and contribution to it. It is perhaps just here that Eugénie failed to evoke the entire response she

looked for from her brother's heart. To be sure, when his writings were gathered together after his death, she expressed great interest and some enthusiasm, yet even then her chief anxiety was that he should not be misrepresented, misunderstood, mispraised as pagan rather than Christian, and she did not hesitate to assert that he had no thought of glory and did not desire it.

How even our most unselfish love is absorbed in its own point of view! How hard it is to love others as they would be loved, not as we would be loved! Eugénie worried perpetually about Maurice's soul, but very little about his reputation. She had not learned the profound truth and beauty of Madame de Choiseul's remark: "I have always had the vanity of those I love: that is my fashion of loving."

I wonder whether the young wife from the far Indies, whom Maurice married when death was already beginning to lay its hand on him, had any more sympathy with his ambitions for this world. There is no evidence that she had, though she was tender and devoted in her care and ministration to the very last.

It is most curious to observe Eugénie's feelings towards this new sister-in-law. Even for a mother, who has her own distinct, assured claim, it is hard enough to give up a son she loves. But a sister, with all a mother's love, but only a sister's intimacy, cannot see the forming of a new and stronger bond without some dread, some repugnance, some coldness at the heart. Eugénie, like all persons who analyze their experience, was naturally inclined to doubt others' affection because she doubted her own desert. When her friends fail to write to her, she hints her grief about it. When the tone of Maurice's letters is indifferent, or she fancies that it is, she frets and broods over it. "Do you remember that little short letter that tormented me for a fortnight?" How, then, did she bear the intrusion of a stranger heart, sure to see into all the hidden places where even she had not been privileged to come? We can divine well enough how hard it was. Her tone about the new sister might indeed seem to be all praise. She is good, she is beautiful, she is devoted to Maurice, she fulfils all her duties and is a sweet companion and friend. Nevertheless, there is

the faintest, perfectly unintentional patronage. Her family are not, perhaps, quite all they should be. Her dress, charming, delightful, appropriate, but is it a little startling for a country town, that black velvet hat with an ostrich plume, fit to amaze earth and heaven, as a neighbor puts it? But we do so want to be friendly with her, to do our part. "I hope Maurice will be happy with her. She isn't just the sort of woman I am used to, for character, or heart, or face. She is a stranger. I am studying her. I am trying to get her near to me, to enter into her life, if she cannot enter into mine."

When they both together were soothing the last hours of the beloved one, Eugénie has nothing but praise and affection for her sister-in-law. But who could miss the poignancy of her quiet remark that she lies awake all night and hears the wife ministering to the husband as she herself would like to minister? It is hard to tell which is more significant, this comment or that of a few weeks earlier: "They are happy. Maurice is a perfect husband. He is worth a hundred of what he was a year ago. He told me so himself. He confides in me just as much as ever. We often talk together intimately."

On one point Maurice's marriage was as satisfying as it could be, that of religion. His wife did not distract him in any way from his salvation, which would have been hard for Eugénie; nor yet did she promote it more than the sister did, which would have been even harder. Maurice's salvation! That was the object of Eugénie's daily thoughts and of her nightly prayers. Maurice's salvation! While she had him under her own motherly wing, all was well. He might perhaps have been too easily diverted, not intensely serious, as she was; but at least his faith was firmly grounded and she sent him out into the great world, confident that he would be a white soldier of Christ always.

Alas, these brothers, how they fail us! Not that this one really failed, or sinned, or went astray. Most would have thought him virtuous enough, Christian enough. But he took a certain interest in the heresies of his adored teacher, Lamennais, and, to the half-cloistered sister at any rate, he appeared much tainted with the follies and incredulities of an unbelieving age. How she longed to have him back with her, at least in

spirit! How she prayed that he might pray! How she trembled and shrank at the thought, that after being separated on earth they might not be united in heaven! "I am not holy enough to convert you, nor strong enough to draw you with me. God alone can do that. Oh, how I ask it of him, for all my happiness goes with it. Perhaps you cannot imagine, with your philosophic eye you cannot see, the tears of a Christian eye, weeping for a soul that may be lost, a soul so much beloved, a brother's soul, the sister of one's own."

At least she had the satisfaction of feeling that in the end her prayers were answered and that the frail and wavering spirit returned to die in the faith in which she had cradled it. Taking a view with which the unregenerate will find it hard to sympathize, she declares that errors of the intellect are much more serious, more dangerous than errors of the heart. To her fond hope it seemed that on her brother's deathbed intellectual errors were all forgotten, and after he had left her, she resented bitterly the verdict of great writers, George Sand and Saint-Beuve, that he would live to posterity as a poet of nature whose essential spirit was much less Christian than Greek.

I have said that Mademoiselle de Guérin's secluded and in a sense impersonal life was filled by two great preoccupations. One was her brother. It will be evident by this time that the other was God. "There is but one thing needful, to possess God," wrote Amiel at the beginning of his journal. Assuredly few human beings have possessed God, have been more thoroughly possessed by the thought of God, than Eugénie de Guérin. All thoughts, all passions, all hopes, all griefs are referred constantly in prayer and meditation, to this one source, to this one end. It is indeed beautiful to see how completely the two great interests of her life merge in each other. Madame de Sévigné adored her daughter more than God, felt and admitted that the earthly idol usurped God's place in her eager, tender, frantic mother's heart. Madame du Deffand worshipped Horace Walpole instead of God, a frail and singular substitute, it will certainly be admitted. With Mademoiselle de Guérin there was never any question of conflict. Her two loves were absolutely united, and one simply enhanced the

other. To one object she addressed herself almost as freely as to the other, and it was matter of regret to her that she did not quite: "I speak as I please to this little book [her Journal, addressed to Maurice]. I tell it everything, thoughts, griefs, pleasures, feelings, everything but what can be told only to God, and even then I am sorry to leave anything at the bottom of the box."

After her brother's death, she recognizes, in a wonderful passage of self-analysis, the huge, the overmastering power of earthly affection, yet at once her permanent instinct blends God with it all in a complete, supreme effort of submission to His will. "Shall we never be rid of our affections? Neither grief, nor anguish, nor death has power to change us. To love, always to love, to love right down into the grave, to love the earthly remnants, to love the body that has borne the soul, even though the soul has fled to heaven! . . . All happiness is dead for me on earth. I have buried my heart's life. I have lost the charm of my existence. I cannot tell all that my brother was to me or how profoundly I had hidden in him all my happiness. My future, my hopes, my old age, all were one with his, and then he was a soul that understood me. He and I were two eyes in one forehead. Now we are torn apart and God has come between us. His will be done."

In emphasizing this divine possession of Mademoiselle de Guérin, we must not, however, imply that she was actually unbalanced, or not alive to the common needs and duties of daily life. Her religion was active as well as passive. Even in the more ecstatic rites of spiritual devotion she recognizes a wholesome practical efficacy, as in her striking remark about confession. "What ease, what light, what strength come to me every time I say right out, 'I was at fault.'" Such a normal attitude makes one regret more than ever that, in our day, at any rate, those make most use of confession who have very little to confess.

In the wide practice of charity it does not appear that Mademoiselle de Guérin was especially active. Yet here too it is evident that she gave not only money but the comfort and the sage, kindly counsel which are worth much more than money, whenever occasion called for them.

So with domestic pursuits. Though her family were of old, high standing, they were poor, lived simply, kept few attendants, and the daughters of the house were wont to turn their prudent hands to every sort of service. Eugénie had evidently been trained in the methods of careful French house-keeping. She dusts, she mends, she lays the table, she cooks, in emergency she takes the linen to the brook and washes it after the picturesque, muscular European fashion. She finds pleasure in all these doings, also, has a true domestic sense of order and finish and propriety. Nay, she does her washing with real lightness of heart, seeing charms in it which perhaps escape the average laundress. "It is a real joy to wash, to see the fish swim by, to watch the little wavelets, the twigs, the leaves, the blossoms floating in the stream. The brook brings so much that is pretty to the toiler who knows how to see."

But even here we note that the toiler's thoughts were not wholly on her toil, however well she might perform it. She was not born to labor with contented indifference. Her heart was too restless, too eager, too bent on vast reveries beyond the limits of this world's cleanliness. Therefore she willingly lets her sister be housekeeper and only stands ready to help when needed. If little tasks absorb too much of her time, she complains, almost petulantly. "I have hardly opened a book today. My time has been passed with things quite different from reading, things nothing in themselves, not even worth mentioning, yet which fill up every moment." And always, through the humblest of such tasks, runs the glowing current of those thoughts which to her were the only reality in a world of tawdry, trivial, incoherent phantoms. Even when the phantoms burn her fingers, she thinks only of Saint Catherine of Sienna, who had a taste for cooking. "It gave her so many subjects for meditation. I can well believe it, if for nothing but the sight of the food and the little burns one gets, which make one think of Purgatory."

For she was thinking, of hell, and purgatory, and heaven all the time, or as I said in beginning, more justly, she was thinking of God, which included them all three, and far more. God entered into every step she took, and every breath she breathed.

We may trace Him in all her earthly affections. They were deep and strong. We have seen that in regard to Maurice. It was just as true in regard to all others. Her father she cherished tenderly. She knew that he depended on her for everything and she was ready to give him everything at any moment. The deepest workings of her soul she kept from him, because she knew that he would not wholly understand them, and in covering them even with a certain duplicity she only practiced the precept of one who had penetrated the spiritual life as deeply as she, though from a different angle, "The law of love is higher than the law of truth." Her friendships for other women, also, were profoundly sincere and lasting. She gives much and asks little, just tenderness shown in a brief letter or a fleeting word. Who has analyzed the passing of friendship more delicately than she? "It is said that women never love each other. I do not know. There may be deep affections that last only a short time. But I have always mistrusted these, for myself and for those I love. Nothing is sadder than a bit of death in the heart. Therefore, when I see an affection dying, I set to work to rekindle it with all my power." Hers also is this perfect expression of a heart inclined to tenderness: "Our affections are born one of another."

Yet, as with Maurice, in all these relations God was first. The thought of Him sanctified them. The sense of his presence enhanced and beautified them. Except as they turned toward Him, they could not live and did not deserve to live. "The tenderest affections of the heart, what are they, if they are not bent towards heaven, if they are not offered up to God? They are as mortal as ourselves. We should love not for this world, but for another."

As with human love, so is it for Eugénie with all other phases of the inner life. By nature she had keen intellectual instincts, liked to read, liked to think, would even have been inclined to think with broad audacity. She had eminently the habit of reflection and analysis which makes solitude fruitful, and also makes it dangerous. What scholar could express the charm of lonely hours with more depth and delicacy than this slightly tutored girl? "I love to linger over my thoughts, to

bend over each one and breathe its fragrance, to enjoy them fully before they fade away." Books are a refuge, a resource, a consolation to her. She hates to leave them, even for the brief journeys she is called upon to make.

Also, the very interesting catalogue of her limited book-shelf contains some authors of distinctly profane persuasion whom she does not always avoid. Victor Hugo fascinates her. Sometimes, indeed, the quality of the text forces her to confine her attention to the pictures, but again she is wrapt by the adventures of Jean Valjean and the flamboyant mediævalism of *Notre Dame de Paris*. She tries to break a long day by an exciting novel, picks *The Chamber of Poisons* for its title, but finds only disappointment, pet toads, Jesuits turned into hobgoblins, big names in petty places. She has no taste for poisons, she says. Or again, she turns to Sainte-Beuve's *Volupté*, having been assured by her confessor that pure minds may pass untainted through strange regions. She likes the book, not perhaps wholly fathoming its depths of morbid suggestiveness. But the best is Molière. She tries him once, is delighted, and means to read more. Now what could be further apart than the worlds of Molière and Eugénie de Guérin?

But, in the main, she reads the writers of this world only to condemn them. Bossuet, Pascal, the Fathers, the *Imitation*, are her daily and nightly company. Such books are all that Christians should read or even recognize. As for the general diffusion of book-learning and education, she deplors it with the real obscurantism of mediæval superstition. The peasants, she says, were once simple-minded, earnest, reverent, devout. Now they go to school, they read the newspapers, they acquire the superficial jargon of modern education, and as a consequence they are atheistic in their talk and immoral in their lives.

The same intense and constant preoccupation with the mystical point of view that affected Mademoiselle de Guérin's intellectual pursuits entered into her aesthetic enjoyments. Art in its technical form was completely out of her world. She probably saw pictures with the other curiosities of Paris, but they made no appeal; and churches to her were churches, not in any way creations of architectural skill. Music alone

she approaches with a sort of groping sense of its vast emotional possibilities. But as to these she would undoubtedly have agreed with Cowper that all music not directly intended and employed for the worship of God was corrupting, enervating, debasing. "Oh, if I knew music!" she cries, in a moment of enthusiasm. "They say it is so good for the disorders of the soul." Yet it does not touch her. "Nothing in the world has such power to move and stimulate the soul. I know it, but I do not feel it." And a similar experience calls forth words profoundly characteristic for more than music. "I listened to wonders, yet nothing astonished me. Is there then no astonishment save in heaven?"

But there was one region of beauty in which Eugénie's soul opened and flowered with the most exquisite delicacy and sensibility of response and that was the world of nature. The subtle, dreamy, suggestive landscape of France, which has meant so much to poets and painters, has rarely been felt or rendered with more perfection than by this simple girl who spent her life with flowers and birds and winds and clouds and stars. "I tried to begin a letter to you yesterday," she says, "but I could not write. All my soul was at the window." How often her soul was at the window, all ears, all eyes, stirred to wild joy or grief by the breath of light airs, or the dance of blossoms in sunshine, or the drift of autumn leaves. Now it is fair spring weather that delights her, now it is the long and wind-swept rains of autumn. The vast tranquility of summer nights at times befits her mood. And again she welcomes the tumult of great storms and cries out for even thunder to jar the too monotonous quiet. Not the heart of Keats or Shelley was more vividly, more blissfully or painfully, at one with little sounds, or fleeting sights, or unknown odors that vanish as quickly as they come.

She reads Bernardin de St. Pierre's description of the strawberry vine, which, he says, would make matter for a volume, with all its relations and experiences. "I," she says, "am like the strawberry vine, bound up with earth and air and sky, with the birds, with so many things, visible and invisible, that I should never get through describing them, without counting what lives hidden in the folds of my heart, like the

insects that dwell in the thickness of a leaf." And again, "I wish my heart did not feel the condition of the air and of the seasons so much that it opens and closes like a flower with cold or sun. I don't understand it, but so it is, while the soul is encased in this frail habitation of the body."

But nature is never all to her, never enough for her. She must have God. Either she sees Him as the whole life and beauty of it all, hears His voice in the breeze and in the storm, feels His hand in the motion of flowers and of stars, or she turns away from the beauty of earth as too apt to distract from the beauty of heaven. "The sky today is pale and languid like a fair face after a fever. This look of languor is full of charm. The blending of greenness and decay, of flowers that open with flowers that fall, of singing birds and creeping brooks, the breath of storm and May sunshine mingled, give an effect of fine fabrics ruffled and tossed together, of sad and sweet at once, which fills me with delight. But this is Ascension day: let us leave earth and earth's skies; let us rise above our fragile dwelling place and follow where Christ has gone before us." In another mood the quiet, subtle sounds of night seem to penetrate devotion with an overpowering tenderness, to waft thought higher even than meditation undisturbed. "It is black night. But you can still hear the crickets, the streamlet, and the nightingale, just one, which sings, sings, sings, in the thick darkness. What a perfect accompaniment to evening prayer."

I said in beginning that Mademoiselle de Guérin had no active personal life of her own. This is as true of her perhaps as of any of us. She followed the thought of others and of God, as the shadow follows the sun. At the same time, she was human, she was a woman, she was made of earth, as we all are. It is a study of exceeding interest to watch the stirrings of humanity, even barely perceptible and quickly crushed, in this white, pure vessel filled with the glow of an unearthly adoration.

Revolt she seems to have none, doubt none, or only such momentary dimming of the pure flame as serves to make it shine the brighter. It does indeed trouble her a little to reflect that just those consolations which the poor need are given only

to the rich who need them not. Life, she says, seems inside out and upside down, which was the view of Prometheus and of Satan, but in *Mademoiselle de Guérin* it does not strike us as Satanic. Also, her questioning of the divine order goes so far as a regret that she cannot have her doves in heaven. But this pulls her up with a shock, for in heaven we shall regret nothing—not even doves.

Some shreds of human frailty, some lingering hints of impatience and irritability and nerves, we are pleased to find that even this saint shares with us. How subtly and charmingly does she analyze them herself. "I am not in the mood to write or to do anything amiable: quite the contrary. There are days when the soul shuts itself up like a hedgehog. If you were here, how I would prick you." And again, in a little different phase: "I am most unsuccessful in dealing with difficulties, and am always in too great a hurry to get at what is to give me pleasure."

Also, I wonder whether her friends really got near her and felt at ease with her. Monsieur Anatole France speaks charmingly of *la douceur impérieuse des saintes*. Had *Mademoiselle de Guérin*'s infinite gentleness sometimes a touch of the imperious? I can hardly prove it. It is rare and subtle and indefinable. But I divine it—a little. She remarks, with beatific triumph, "I speak to everybody I love of the things of eternity." She did. And it seems merely prophetic despair to imply that the things of eternity might grow tiresome. But in this world we are only contented with eternal change.

There are some special things of absorbing interest to most women. Eugénie de Guérin was a woman. Did she take no interest in these things? Beauty, for instance? It does not appear that she had any special charm of feature or carriage. Was she aware of this? Did it trouble her? If so, she seldom shows it. Yet there are words here and there that set one thinking. When she was young, she says, she desired passionately to be beautiful, because she was told that if she were so, her mother would love her more. But as she grows older, she thinks only of beauty of the soul. Nevertheless, coming age seems to afflict her with suggestions of ugliness, not of the soul only.

Dress again. Fair women employ it to enhance beauty, others to create it. Did Eugénie give no thought to what she should put on? Not much, I confess, beyond an exquisite sense of neatness and good order. Yet here, too, if you watch closely, you get a gleam of human vanity, like the flash of a spangle on a sombre floor. She looks back and reviews the preoccupations of her youth, long since laid aside and forgotten, she says. "Dolls, toys, birds, butterflies I cherished, pretty and innocent fancies of childhood. Then books, talk, jewels and ornaments a little, dreams, fair dreams—but I am not writing a confession."

If she had written one, would there have been men in it, fairy lovers such as girls dream, an ideal blend of manly beauty and mad tenderness? We do not know, but here again little things make us suspect. She tells us she does not like novels because the passions are let loose in them—but she reads them. She pities souls in purgatory because of the terrible impatience with which they await release. What expectation on earth can compare with it? she says. Not that of fortune, or of glory, or of anything else that makes the human heart pant, unless perhaps it be the longing of the beloved waiting for the lover. And elsewhere she draws a domestic picture of quiet happiness, a little house in the fields, with cows and poultry, and someone, whom? Not a peasant, she says, like ours who beat their wives. "Do you remember—?" But she stops there and does not give the name.

In such a picture the crowning object would be children and though she does not mention them here, she does elsewhere, often, with all a born mother's tenderness. How charming is her dream of how she would rear them and teach them. "If I had a child to bring up, how gently I would do it, how merrily, with all the care one gives a delicate flower. I would speak to them of God with words of love. I would tell them that he loves them even more than I do, that he gives them everything I give them, and besides, the air, the sun, and the flowers, that he made the sky and the beautiful stars." When Maurice's child is about to be born, after the father's death, she cries out in ecstasy, "How I long to have a baby in

the house, to play mother, and nurse it, and caress it." Surely the real woman is speaking to us here.

Other feminine affairs were of less interest to her, as we have seen with things purely domestic. General society she shunned, and no doubt lost by doing so. Occasionally she is tricked out and led to a party where she thinks everyone remarks her ill, unaccustomed manner of dancing, the truth probably being that no one noticed her at all. She might certainly have been successful in conversation, for she had wit, refinement, distinction, and was capable of vivacity. But she avoided what she calls the world, with a suggestion of inexpressible disdain, alleging to herself that it was futile, frivolous, and unprofitable. Perhaps a good part of the reason was that she herself was proud and shy and essentially a spiritual aristocrat. "Books are my intellectual passion; but how few there are that I like. It is just so with people. I rarely meet anyone that pleases me." When you frequent the world in that spirit, it is indeed unprofitable.

One phase of human weakness did take hold of this celestial wanderer and even threaten to disturb her saintly peace, and that was the ambition of literature. She restrains it, subdues it, disclaims it. But no one could take such nice care of expression as she does, could turn sentences so daintily, so vigorously, so effectively, and not take pride in them. She is like Saint François de Sales, who announces the loftiest contempt for poor words, but uses the most cunning skill to get all he can out of them.

Writing is almost a necessity to her, she says. She turns to her pen as outlet for all the struggles and trials and passions of her inner life. "Writing is the sign that I am alive, as that of a brook is running." She looks to publication, too, makes delicate verses and sends them to a review, which she thinks will print them, if it prints women's verses at all. Not that she cares for the public, oh, no! She writes only to please a friend or two, who can appreciate her. And her name must not be used in print, oh, never! Still, there is a subtle charm in all this newspaper notoriety, you can hardly call it glory, which does appeal, even to the saints.

Then she thinks it appeals too much. All earthly glory is

vanity, even that of the poet's corner of a magazine. Can it be right for her to spend time and thought which should belong to God on the mere tinkle of human rhyming? She consults her confessor, who assures her that no great harm is done. She consults Maurice, who is very round with her, tells her not to worry about her conscience in the matter, but to write, tells her also to think a little more about the subject of her verses and less about herself, and above all suggests that she should omit devotion and mysticism and be human, advice by which he lays himself open to a little admonition and reproof.

But she sticks to her pen just the same. Who ever failed to that was born for it? Why, I may do good by writing, she urges. No doubt her confessor persuaded her she might, with perfect justice as regarded doing good to one person, at any rate.

But we must not emphasize too much all these petty and indifferent preoccupations. None of them really counted, none of them was more than a trifle beside the paramount, absorbing interest of Mademoiselle de Guérin's life. Not a page, hardly a paragraph, of her Journal but has some allusion to God, to her desire for God, her thirst for God, her complete, entire reference of all things earthly to what was, for her, at any rate, their origin, their purpose, and their end. She has words of marvellous mystical subtlety and grace, though the constant impression is more powerful than any single words. "When a brook runs, it starts full of foam and turmoil and grows clearer as it travels. The road I wander in is God, or a friend, but above all, God. In Him I run my course and find repose." "In this vast silence, when only God speaks to me, my soul is ravished and dead to everything else, above, below, within, without; but the rapture does not last."

Alas, no, it does not last. These ecstasies never do, whether earthly or heavenly, unless in heaven. And persons who spend their lives in waiting for them are apt to view the common, petty joys of earth with discontent. This was unquestionably the case with Mademoiselle de Guérin. A word less common than God in her Journal is ennui, but it is common enough. People bore her, society bores her, little daily duties

bore her. She endures them and keeps a brave face because God bids, but the ennui is there just the same.

Nor is it only ennui. She sees a vast amount of positive evil in life. "Pessimism is half of saintliness," says an excellent authority. It was at least half of Mademoiselle de Guérin's. Besides general suffering and poverty and cruelty and neglect, she has a set of individual troubles, which seem avoidable, some doubt as to her own salvation and very considerable doubt as to the salvation of others. These things keep dark clouds over her, until the sun has hard work to break through. She speaks perpetually of graves and death, always, to be sure, to draw a moral lesson from them; but cannot moral lessons be drawn from sweeter things? Even the great Christian poet, Donne, while expressing a preference for the grave, found other matters more attractive still.

"I hate extremes, yet I had rather stay
With graves than cradles to wear out a day."

But Mademoiselle de Guérin is more than "half in love with easeful death" and inclines to woo him with all the strange fancies of Constance in *King John*, "Hyppolite talks to me of Marie, of another world, of his grief, of you, of death, of all the things I love so much."

One is disposed to break in on a strain so morbid and abnormal with reminders of "earthlier happy is the rose distilled," or with the somewhat brutal Philistinism of Horace Greeley's comment on his dear friend, Margaret Fuller, "A good husband and two or three bouncing babies would have emancipated her from a good deal of cant and nonsense."

But, though Mademoiselle de Guérin might herself have been happier as a normal wife and mother, she would not have left us the fine, elaborate analysis of an exquisite soul. Let us hope that she now enjoys in perfection that celestial ecstasy which she tasted here at moments and for which she was willing to overlook and abandon every good that earthly life can afford.

Berkeley's Influence on Popular Literature—A Review of a Review

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The articles which the *Nation** has recently published in review of Dr. Benjamin Rand's *Berkeley and Percival* suggest, in the last two paragraphs, some important considerations connected with the critical study of English literature. "Berkeley's system," says the writer, "remains one of the great influences not only in metaphysics but in the wider field of thought which we call literature." He concludes by assigning to Berkeley a connection "with the later literary revolt against rationalistic compression for the unhampered expansion of the emotions and for what we regard else as the forces of personality." Any disposition to relate philosophy to movements which took rise in the literature of the eighteenth century is encouraging. Critics have been almost unanimous in undervaluing the immediate effect produced upon popular ideas by the philosophic theories of the time; the neglect is all the more unaccountable in view of the truism that most writing of the time was didactic. On the other hand, some of the criticism which does take the relation into account is so biased by especial interest in particular philosophers, or is made with so little reference to the literature itself, that the conclusions reached are highly questionable. The articles in the *Nation*, by Mr. Paul Elmer More, are brilliant and stimulating; but his suggestions concerning Berkeley's relation to the evolution of literary taste, though offered so tentatively as to be somewhat vague, are in danger of this second error. The impression given is that Berkeley was more directly influential than, I think, the actual evidence warrants.

If Berkeley was part of the spirit of enthusiasm "which all through the eighteenth century was preparing for the revolution of the nineteenth," his influence, it may fairly be presumed, manifested itself somewhere in the first half of his

* Volume 100, numbers 2586, 2587; January 21 and 28, 1915.

century. Certainly it would not be easy to find in the second half any writers who listened to the gentle voice of Berkeley amid the clamor excited by Rousseau and other radicals. If any considerable inspiration flowed from him to the romanticists of the early nineteenth century, it was probably filtered through a long line of predecessors. It is usually so with great popular influences. References to Berkeley in the first half of the century, however, are extremely scarce; they are to be found almost exclusively in minor poetry; and if they commend him at all, it is for his private character as a philanthropist and not as a philosopher. To John Dyer, for example, Berkeley's name suggests only the invention of tar-water for the cure of man and beast. Some of the poets took delight in ridiculing his scheme for converting the Indians, and the writers of the period were practically unanimous in ignoring or ridiculing his doctrine that there is no reality outside the percipient mind. Mr. More cites the emphatic denial of Dr. Johnson. Berkeley's own Hylas states the prevailing attitude quite accurately: "What! Can anything be more fantastical, more repugnant to common sense, or a more manifest piece of scepticism, than to believe there is no such thing as *Matter*?" Even Clarke, author of the dry *Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God*, thought that Berkeley's speculations would be "of little use on account of their abstruseness." It may be confidently asserted that as a theorist he was strictly unpopular, that he contributed little or nothing to the popular notions of his day except in regard to tar-water, and that the few writers who began to show signs of what we vaguely call romanticism found nothing in Berkeley to inspire new thought.

It is possible, however, that Mr. More intends to lay only slight emphasis on Berkeley's immediate influence; that he means rather to point out in Berkeley's personal reaction against the prevailing mental habits of his time a spirit prophetic of the later romanticism. This opinion is confirmed, the author might argue, by the very indifference of Berkeley's contemporaries. But is there evidence that he exhibits tendencies of thought which are ahead of his time in their anticipation of a new school of literature? To say merely that he anticipates some part of the general change is to say little;

Addison admired popular ballads, Prior awkwardly imitated Spenser, and Pope frequently betrayed a glimmering of something not quite neo-classical. Yet we hardly think of them as manifesting "an enthusiasm belonging to a different school altogether." The probability that Berkeley was one of many writers who contributed something to the late metaphysics of Shelley is scarcely to the point; these are exceptional ideas of an exceptional poet. Apparently, too, the critic had no such ideas in mind in his reference to the various hints of romanticism exhibited by Berkeley.

For one bit of evidence in Berkeley's case he refers to the "Quixotic fervor with which he threw himself upon the belief (so unchristian and so dear to Rousseau) in the innocence of the natural state of man." The real significance of Berkeley's utterances on the subject depends largely upon their relation to the views then current in learned and popular philosophy. The "State of Nature" and its corollary, the "Social Compact," had been familiar topics since Hobbes had assumed them hypothetically to support his theory of Divine Right. Later philosophers were practically unanimous in denouncing Hobbes' main contention that man is by nature a selfish monster; there was a pretty general agreement also in opposition to his doctrine of absolute sovereignty and the similar doctrine of "Passive Obedience." But the philosophers of the Whig opposition differed among themselves on the question whether human beings had ever actually lived in "a state of nature." By assuming that they had, Locke's *Two Treatises of Government* (1690) came near proving more than was convenient even for the liberal notions of the Whigs. Thereafter the tendency was to avoid such an issue by placing all the emphasis on man's natural goodness and leaving the historical question untouched. Shaftesbury made one side of the argument destructive of the other: the very fact that man is by instinct a benevolent and social creature precludes the possibility of such a "state of nature," the "herding instinct" being so strong in man that he could not be conceived in any stage of history as having lived unrelated to his fellows by strong social bonds. The same view is presented in the anonymous pamphlet *Moderation Truly Stated* (1704);

the author, supposed to be Mary Astell, thought all had agreed "that a State of Nature was a mere figment of Hobbe's Brain, or borrow'd at least from the fable of Cadmus, or Aeacus his Myrmidons." In political theory, however, the argument had one definite effect; it practically gave a deathblow to "Divine Right" and "Passive Obedience." For the purpose of literature, it opened a still wider field of speculation than was encouraged by the philosophers. The fictionists were united in their opposition to Hobbes' derogatory estimate of natural man, and at least for the purposes of art they were pleased to find the Golden Age of the classics confirmed by this equally hazy "state of nature," where primitive man lived an idyllic life of virtue untainted by the luxuries and vices of civilization. The example had been set by Mrs. Behn's *Oroonoko* (1688) even before Locke had pronounced his opinion; though some critics have taken Mrs. Behn's purpose too seriously, she was ahead of her age. Before the middle of the eighteenth century, however, the "state of nature" became a favorite topic with the poets. Since their flights were somewhat restrained by political considerations, they were satisfied usually to employ natural man for decorative purposes and to keep their proposals within the limits of mild sentimentalism. It is in keeping with the complacency of the age that the poets who dallied with the notion of primitive virtue refrained from really testing its explosive qualities. At the same time the inconsistencies of Thomson, Pope, Mallet, and other poets, most of them deistic, at times invested their eulogies of primitive peoples, such as the natives of the Hebrides and America, with a dangerous political significance. Noble primitive man was actually an article of their poetic creed rather than a serious belief; but it is true that they occasionally betray a leaning towards the radical theory of Rousseau.

Fortunately, Berkeley has left a very explicit account of his belief concerning both the "state of nature" and the "social compact," and it will require some very ingenious methods to read into his utterances an agreement with this sentimental notion. Mr. More was probably misled by the poetic license of two phrases in *Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America*. Berkeley explained his point fully in

the *Proposal* (1725): it was easier to convert the Indians than "to make proselytes at home," he said, because "the savage Americans, if they are in a state purely natural, and unimproved by education, they are also unincumbered with all that rubbish of superstition and prejudice, which is the effect of a wrong one." His desire to christianize the American Indians arose from no illusion concerning uncorrupted nature. In this same pamphlet he declared emphatically that "no part of the Gentile world are so inhuman and barbarous as the savage Americans, whose chief employment and delight consist in cruelty and revenge; their lives must of all others be most opposite, as well to the light of nature as the spirit of the gospel." This is not the sentiment "so unchristian and so dear to Rousseau." It is evident, too, that Berkeley's life in Rhode Island did not alter his impression, for as late as 1744 he wrote: "Whoever considers a parcel of rude savages left to themselves, how they are sunk and swallowed up in prejudice, and how unqualified by their natural force to emerge from this state, will be apt to think that the first spark of philosophy was derived from heaven" (*Siris*, 301). There is no more sentimental folly here than in John Wesley's remark after he had listened to an account of some atrocities committed by the Chicasaws—"See the religion of nature truly delineated!" As a Christian missionary, Berkeley would have found Rousseau's opinions an awkward encumbrance. He would have found the Frenchman's political doctrine equally embarrassing for his Toryism. By 1712 "Divine Right" and "Passive Obedience" had lost their meaning even for most Tories, including the leaders of the party; but in that year Berkeley delivered at Trinity College, Dublin, a long sermon entitled "Passive Obedience, or, The Christian Doctrine of Not Resisting the Supreme Power, Proved and Vindicated upon the Principles of the Law of Nature." In it he condemned the theory of "social compact," for it had long since developed a logical connection with individual rights; he pleaded for absolutism with all the energy of patriarchal Filmer; and he consoled the victims of political tyranny by pointing to the compensations to be administered in a future life. With reference to the social and political theory of the English, Berkeley was not of his

own age merely because he was a generation behind it; and to compare him to Rousseau is less logical than it would be to refer him to Hobbes and Filmer.

Next we are informed that there is in Berkeley's descriptions something to "give us pause"; just what is not quite clear from the article, for it is admitted that "superficially they may not seem to be striking." One suggestion made is that they intensify the meaning of the simile which represents Nature as an open book, "wherein the Author in symbolic language has written out for our perusal the desires and purposes of his soul." If so, the contribution of the orthodox bishop has, from an historical point of view, an ironical aspect. Of course, the Christians did not deny natural as opposed to special revelation; but the revelation of the Deity through nature was the soul of deistic teaching. To deists no other manifestation of God was allowed. In an early stage of the rationalistic movement, the orthodox philosophers believed that there was no incompatibility between the doctrine of direct revelation and faith on one hand and that of natural revelation and the supremacy of reason on the other. For example, Culverwel states in the Introduction to *An Elegant and Learned Discourse of the Light of Nature* (1652) the very laudable design "to give unto *Reason* the things that are *Reasons*, and unto *Faith* the things that are *Faiths*," adding that "there is not such a vast *hiatus*. . . . between them as some would imagine. . . . they may well salute one another. . . . *Reason* and *Faith* may kisse each other." But later events did not justify his optimism. It gradually became clear that the insistence on natural revelation was undermining the orthodox creed, and eventually the clash between the Christians and the followers of Natural Religion overshadowed every other controversy of English society. Berkeley's works appeared during the heat of the fight. That he should have made more of deistic theory than the deists did and vitalized their chief figure of speech for them seems strange. After all, it is a figure that will bear only so much meaning. Shaftesbury saw something of its possibilities. Thomson, avowedly a follower of Shaftesbury, employs it repeatedly. In *Summer* he says (11. 192 ff):

To me be Nature's volume broad-displayed;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptured, to translate,
 My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Apparently he handed it over to his friend Young, whom he addressed in the following passage (*Autumn*, 11. 668 ff):

Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 The inspiring breeze; and meditate the book
 Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence,
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.

Young in turn used the figure often and developed it at considerable length in a passage beginning (*Night IX*):

Divine instructor! thy first volume, this,
 For man's perusal; all in capitals!

Does the following passage from Berkeley exhibit greater imagination or romantic properties? "As in reading other books a wise man will choose to fix his thought on the sense and apply it to use, rather than lay them out in grammatical remarks on the language; so, in perusing the volume of nature, it seems beneath the dignity of the mind to affect an exactness in reducing each particular phenomenon to general rules, or showing how it follows from them. We should propose to ourselves nobler views, namely, to recreate and exalt the mind with a prospect of the beauty, order, extent, and variety of natural things: hence, by proper inferences, to enlarge our notions of the grandeur, wisdom, and beneficence of the Creator; and lastly, to make the several parts of the creation, so far as in us lies, subservient to the ends they were designated for, God's glory, and the sustentation and comfort of ourselves and fellow creatures." (*Of the Principles of Human Knowledge*, 109). How Berkeley could possibly convert this one figure into a premonition of the coming romanticism, I fail to understand. To me it seems rather that the Bishop was quite satisfied with

the literary conventions which were the stock in trade of his era.

The drift of all these various observations is explained in Mr. More's general statement that probably "romantic sympathy with nature played an important part in Berkeley's revolt from the coldness of rationalism." In substantiation of this view occurs the only specific evidence which he cites as a proof of Berkeley's literary quality. The quotation, which follows, is from the speech of "a wavering Deist" in *Alciphron*: "I hold the confused notion of a Deity, or some invisible power, to be of all prejudices the most unconquerable. When half a dozen ingenious men are got together over a glass of wine, by a cheerful fire, in a room well lighted, we banish with ease all the spectres of fancy or education, and are very clear in our discussion. But as I was taking a solitary walk before it was broad day-light in yonder grove, methought the point was not quite so clear; nor could I readily recollect the force of those arguments, which used to appear so conclusive at other times. I had I know not what awe upon my mind, and seemed haunted by a sort of panic, which I cannot otherwise account for, than by supposing it the effect of prejudice; for you must know, that I, like the rest of the world, was once upon a time catechised and tutored into the belief of a God or Spirit." By way of further comment on this passage, we are told: "To one who can read between the lines such a passage as this ought to convey something more than the rhetorical pantheism common in such deistic and rationalistic writers as Shaftesbury. I suspect that deep down at the root of Berkeley's metaphysics lies the 'pathetic fallacy' of feeling one's self into the phenomena of nature, a fallacy, indeed, never far from the heart of man, but in its excess one of the sure marks of romanticism."

Something must be allowed to the required brevity of the critic's treatment; but his method is, it seems to me, to build large generalizations upon flimsy authority. He is peculiarly unfortunate in hitting upon Shaftesbury as a foil to bring out what he considers the romantic traits of Berkeley. In the first place, his attempt to draw the line between the fashionable deists and the Bishop of Cloyne is made upon a false assump-

tion, which is taken over in good faith from Berkeley himself. Berkeley is here guilty of a subterfuge for which Miss Aiken blames Addison (*Life*, II., 63), and for which Sir James Mackintosh, Professor Fowler, and the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour criticize Berkeley, that is, blackening the reputation of Shaftesbury and other deists by identifying them with atheists. It was a regular trick of controversy. Berkeley's deist in the *Alciphron* is a composite of all the views which offended the orthodox conception. Through the use of this character Berkeley implies that the deists confined their observations to a bottle of wine and a cheerful fire; the truth is they did more than any other sect of the time to send men abroad in the fields and forests to learn of God. Nature was to them literally the open Bible. He implies further that they did not believe in a personal God or Spirit; their theology was, in fact, a pure theism.

It is ironical, too, that Berkeley's "wavering Deist" was imitating the habits of one of these confirmed deists—represented in Shaftesbury's *Moralists*, from which Berkeley seems to have taken a leaf. In Shaftesbury's Dialogue, two friends had arranged in the evening for a morning walk; but though Philocles awoke while "it was yet deep night," he found that his preceptor Theocles had already set out. The pupil overtook the master on the brow of a hill in the dim morning light. Theocles began with a denunciation of philosophy inspired by wine, and then made the following remark to his friend: "Here, Philocles, we shall find our sovereign genius, if we can charm the genius of the place (more chaste and sober than your Silenus) to inspire us with a truer song of Nature, teach us some celestial hymn, and make us feel divinity present in these solemn places of retreat." Then follows the celebrated apostrophe to nature, from which I quote two invocations to illustrate the tenor of a deist's notion of God and nature: "To thee this solitude, this place, these rural meditations are sacred; whilst thus inspired with harmony of thought, though unconfined by words, and in loose numbers, I sing of nature's order in created beings, and celebrate the beauties which resolve in thee, the source and principle of all beauty and perfection"; "And since nor vain curiosity, nor fond conceit, nor love

of aught save thee alone inspires me with such thoughts as these, be thou my assistant and guide me in this pursuit, whilst I venture thus to tread the labyrinth of wide nature and endeavour to trace thee in thy works." A later passage seems to mean that the abused deists had no more shaken off the primitive man's awe in the presence of nature than had Berkeley's "wavering Deist": "The faint and gloomy light looks horrid as the shade itself; and the profound stillness of these places imposes silence upon men, struck with the hoarse echoings of every sound within the spacious caverns of the wood. Here space astonishes; silence itself seems pregnant, whilst an unknown force works on the mind, and dubious objects move the wakeful sense. Mysterious voices are either heard or fancied, and various forms of deity seem to present themselves and appear more manifest in these sacred silvan scenes, such as of old gave rise to temples, and favored the religion of the ancient world. Even we ourselves, who in plain characters may read divinity from so many bright parts of earth, choose rather these obscurer places to spell out that mysterious being, which to our weak eyes appears at best under a veil of cloud." A nation of readers who had exhausted edition after edition of Shaftesbury had no occasion in 1732 to go to Berkeley's *Alciphron* and read between the lines to find what we call "touches of romanticism." And any critical opinion which regards the "rhetorical pantheism" of Shaftesbury as delaying the triumph of Berkeley's romantic appreciation of nature is unhistorical. At times Shaftesbury's rhapsody is an exercise in rhetoric, at times his presentation of nature is mechanical; the same faults abound also in his poetical imitators, including Thomson. But his enthusiasm for nature, exemplified in his private life as well as his writings, was one of the vital agencies in the destruction of the pastoral classicisms. It is a far cry from Shaftesbury's nature to that of Wordsworth; but it is equally far from Dryden's to Shaftesbury's. And in the evolution of eighteenth-century standards, Berkeley's treatment of nature played a negligible part either as an influence or as a prophecy.

Shaftesbury himself comments on the fact that the history of philosophy is the history of a few catch-words; he might have applied his remark to the history of criticism. We easily

come to accept a few phrases as summing up the quality of a writer or a period: the Augustan Age is merely "rationalism" and "classicism," and the literature of the deists is "rhetorical pantheism." There is, to be sure, some truth in this method. The first half of the eighteenth century is a pat illustration of Shelley's dictum that the writers of any particular age "cannot escape from subjection to a common influence which arises out of an infinite combination of circumstances belonging to the times in which they live." But such generalizations are not the whole truth; in this particular instance, they go wide of the mark most of all because they prejudice critical opinion by a false association of ideas. "Rationalism," "deism," and "rhetorical pantheism" come to be inseparably related; they are made indiscriminately responsible for what we find in the early eighteenth century and do not find in the early nineteenth. The hardship is greatest on the deists. However shallow their theology may have been, historians of religion have long since done them the justice of attributing to their independent ethics, demanded by their heresy, results which have been very beneficial to Christianity. A similar candor in literary criticism would assign to deistic theology and ethics an active force for the enrichment of literature through a freer play of man's imagination and his more aesthetic valuation of life.

The "common influence" of which Shelley speaks was, in the Augustan Age, rationalism: it is the mark of Tillotson, Clarke, Addison, and Berkeley as well as Toland, Shaftesbury, Collins, and Tindal. None escaped. Now, if it is recalled that learned and popular philosophy were on an intimate footing throughout the century, the question of historical importance in the study of literature is, Which of these groups or which of these individual writers grafted upon this rationalism a philosophic doctrine that encouraged literary imitators to break away from the coldness and restraint of classicism? If the sentiment, emotion, and imagination of a new school of literature are dimly prefigured by any philosophy of the period, it is not that of the orthodox, least of all the early speculation of Clarke and Berkeley. The line of cleavage is to be found in those "deistic and rationalistic writers" whom Mr. More apparently regards

as constrictive agents; it will be found particularly in the *Characteristics*, the one "literary" representative of the entire deistic movement. By popularizing various tenets of pagan philosophy, already attempted in the writings of the Cambridge Platonists and other Latitudinarians, Shaftesbury domesticated for English readers new forces which helped appreciably to humanize both the neo-classical code of literature and the selfish ethics of Christianity as it was preached by the rationalists. Of his system the peculiar doctrines most active in this evolution were the following: a contempt for speculation divorced from practical experience; an exuberant spirit which questioned the indiscriminate dread of "enthusiasm"; emphasis upon "bright, visible, and outward nature" as an image of the divine beauty; and the threefold ethical doctrine of the moral sense as an instinct of human nature, the intrinsic beauty of virtue considered apart from all ideas of reward, and the intuitive social affections. Over all these assumptions rests the poetic spell of his "virtuoso" teaching that Truth and Beauty are identical—a reassertion of the Hellenistic spirit which identifies morality and aesthetics by making virtue the expression of a perfected aesthetic sensibility. Though rooted in the common rationalism of the age, such a system contains elements of sentiment and imagination that gradually imparted a new tone to English speculation. There is abundant evidence that he gave a similar turn to popular literature through the imitation of his poetical followers. That the poetry of Thomson and other members of the school lacks the mystery of Wordsworth and the Hellenism of Keats is true; but it is the necessary link in the historical sequence. By mentioning Shaftesbury, Mr. More has inadvertently placed his finger upon the one philosopher of the Augustan Age who exerted an actual influence on the development of literature, an influence which can be established by the most conclusive evidence. Some of it is to be found in the acknowledgement of various poets, some in the detailed imitation of others, and some in the general statements of both English and Continental writers. By resorting to the ordinary generalizations, the critic gives a false impression of the entire situation regarded historically; and the juxtaposition of Shaftesbury and

Berkeley serves, unfortunately for Mr. More's conclusion, to emphasize the limitations of Berkeley as a prophet of better things. Balfour's estimate will stand the test: "It would be a more natural, but not a less important error, to suppose that Berkeley's habits of thought anticipated something of the spirit of the nineteenth century . . . Berkeley emphatically belonged to his age."

If there is any ground for protesting against this conclusion, it is probably to be found in *Siris* (1744)—that odd jumble which "contains every subject from tar-water to the Trinity." But Mr. More's allusions seem not to be based on *Siris*. Truly, "this rude Essay doth, by insensible transitions, draw the reader into remote inquiries and speculations, that were not, perhaps, thought of either by him or by the author at first setting out." (297.) Balfour excluded this work from his general remark quoted above; but later, though calling it anachronistic, observed cautiously that the importance of it had been overestimated. Certainly it is a biographical curiosity and is very different from the early works. One biographer thinks it fortunate that, when Berkeley began his speculations, he knew practically nothing about the history of philosophy. In the *Principles of Human Knowledge* he seriously considers only Locke, and the same scantiness of historical method is noticeable in his other early productions. Later, however, he read more widely, and we get much of the result here condensed into a few pages of ill-digested historical notes. A candid review of the philosophy current in Berkeley's time will prove conclusively that the main interest in these fragments is biographical: they resurrect no systems of ancient philosophy with which the age was not thoroughly familiar, and the author's own comments are cautious to the point of a safe orthodox conservatism. They are interesting chiefly as showing the Bishop's mild antiquarian interest in a subject which he had neglected in an early period of his life, but which had been engaging the attention of various philosophers much more seriously affected by the study than Berkeley was. Whatever occult notions we find here, they are those of the ancients and not of Berkeley's recommendation; if they constitute an anachronism, it comes merely from the fact that early philosophy

contains strange hints which are still unfruitful in Western speculation—hints foreign to Berkeley's own habits of mind and prophetic, if at all, for the history of later Western speculation rather than for the development of popular ideas. In this sense, it is true that *Siris* represents, as Balfour says, "an anticipation of systems which have not even yet received their final expression."

Attracted to Greek philosophy apparently by the fact that Plato and Aristotle confirmed his own conclusion in regard to matter (317), Berkeley was led to the more general discovery that "there are traces of profound thought as well as primeval tradition in the Platonic, Pythagorean, Egyptian, and Chaldaic philosophy" (298). In reviewing these, his purpose obviously was to find support for some other beliefs of his own; his main object was to refute "free thinking," which with him meant atheism, by proving that all systems of pagan philosophy recognize the existence of one Supreme Mind (287, 326, 353, 354). If Berkeley knew also the English philosophers who preceded him, he must have known that he was not plowing a new field for a new purpose. From the time of the Cambridge Platonists for at least one generation, this had been the regular method; their pages are strewn with quotations from the same writers. Henry More, Cudworth, Culverwel, and their followers had long since pried into Platonism. The "Three Divine Hypostases" (361) had been associated with the Trinity, and Christians had been surprised to find that their doctrine had been so accurately anticipated by the ancients "without some glimmering of a divine tradition" (301). It was this very discovery which had operated most powerfully in the encouragement of Natural Religion. The chain "that runs throughout the whole system of beings" (303) had become a commonplace in philosophy and poetry, and the difference between Aristotle and Plato in regard to innate ideas (308-310) had served to distinguish the ethical views of Locke and Shaftesbury. Berkeley's advice that Plato should be read (322, 338) came, then, somewhat late; still, it may have had a timeliness, for the earlier interest in Platonic theology and metaphysics had apparently spent its force in the initiation of deism, and popular attention in Berkeley's age was centered

chiefly on the resulting ethics. By stressing the metaphysical doctrines of paganism, Berkeley was, therefore, reverting to an earlier stage of Neoplatonism. How much of this seventeenth-century literature he knew does not appear from *Siris*; but he does make use of Dr. Cudworth's *True Intellectual System*, the one book of the preceding generation which had retained its vogue as a manual for the deists. A comparison of Berkeley and Cudworth, whom he professes to oppose, brings out clearly the amateurish nature of *Siris*; Berkeley follows his predecessor, but with great caution, probably because the *True Intellectual System* had brought its author's views under the charge of heresy. The result is that, whereas Cudworth had delved into many obscure doctrines of Greek metaphysics for the purpose of enriching his religious notions, Berkeley adhered closely to the original purpose which nominally actuated both writers—a reconciliation of early speculation and the orthodox creed. Neither as historian nor as critic does he force new issues of Platonism. His caution would be still further emphasized by a comparison with Henry More's speculation, embodied in both prose and verse. Berkeley's style is constantly "thus Hippocrates," "the Magi likewise said," "the Stoics held," "The Pythagoreans and Platonists had a notion"; but what Berkeley himself believed is another matter. At times he takes pains flatly to reject some system under review (289, 290); he gives his readers a general caution that the "hoary maxims, scattered in this Essay, are not proposed as principles, but barely as hints to awaken and exercise the inquisitive reader" (350); and he is careful to modify his praise even of Plato (360). In the few passages indicating his own conclusions (266, 291, 303, 320, 337) there is little or no reason for asserting that the Bishop of Cloyne was breaking away from established speculation. Apparently his most daring assumption is: "Thus much it consists with piety to say—that a Divine Agent doth by his virtue permeate and govern the elementary fire or light, which serves as animal spirit to enliven and actuate the whole mass, and all the members of this visible world" (291). This contains no theory of spiritual synthesis which sounded strange to those who had long been familiar with Cudworth's treatment of "Plastic Nature," for example:

"For the plastic life of nature is but the mere umbrage of intellectuality, a faint and shadowy imitation of mind and understanding; upon which it doth essentially depend, as the shadow doth upon the body, the image in the glass upon the face, or the echo upon the original voice. So that if there had been no perfect mind or intellect in the world, there would no more have been any plastic nature in it, than there would be an image in the glass without a face, or an echo without an original voice" (Vol. I., p. 272, 1845). If one is disposed to champion Berkeley's *Siris* as a starting-point of mysticism in English literature, let him turn back to the Cambridge Platonists and their followers or to that actual source of mysticism in the current of literature—Jacob Boehme.

From whatever angle we view Berkeley, it seems fairly certain that he contributed little or nothing to a new mode of thought in English literature. He was a man of charming personality, his style is an admirable combination of clearness and pithiness, and his theories have played a large part in pure speculation; but he was in his own day a philosopher's philosopher, and he remains so still. He was out of the current of popular ideas. His one claim to practical innovation comes from the proposal of metaphysical doctrines which will probably remain the subject of learned philosophy. It is, therefore, a mistaken service to represent Berkeley as a great initial force in the gradual progression of popular literature towards what we call romanticism.

Madison Cawein

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The old adage about the prophet without honor in his own country seldom applies in the South. In general, that section of our country acclaims her literary men, as well as her other celebrities, with peculiar loyalty, peculiar pride. It was scarcely three years ago, if memory errs not, that Southern critics from Baltimore to El Paso, from Dallas to Jacksonville, were chiding Professor Brander Matthews for his shameful damning-with-faint-praise of writers born south of Mason and Dixon's Line. Yet I am persuaded that the South does not begin to appreciate one of her most gifted sons, the foremost American poet of our generation, the lamented Madison Cawein.

An estimate of a recently deceased author should, I suppose, have a great deal to say about that author's personality. Unfortunately, however, I do not feel qualified to offer much testimony regarding the personality of Cawein. For a brief time several years ago I had some correspondence with him, and on one happy occasion I had the pleasure and honor of conversing with him; but Cawein reminiscences I must leave to those who knew the beloved Kentucky singer well. One thing I will venture, though; and that is that even slight acquaintance with him revealed his proverbial modesty. Cawein was an unassuming man, and thereby hangs more than one interesting tale. One of the most charming of these little incidents is related by a close lifelong friend of the poet's. Cawein sadly underrated some of his best work, and on one occasion he was about to destroy a particularly fine lyric. The lyric was rescued in the nick of time and published without the author's knowledge; and so completely had Cawein allowed the piece to pass from his mind that when he saw it in print he did not recognize it as the child of his own fancy.

But though Madison Cawein depreciated some of his best poems, he seldom made the mistake, all too common among

poets, of considering his bad verse good. True, he was prone to overestimate his epic powers—he looked upon his ponderous, tedious “Accolon of Gaul” as one of his supreme masterpieces;—but, all in all, he had exceedingly good knowledge of his limitations. To appreciate this fact, one has but to note the uniform technical excellence of Cawein’s work.

Much has been written about Madison Cawein—so much, indeed, that one who attempts to add a few words must guard against the danger of wearying the reader with threadbare truisms. Cawein’s amazing fecundity, his irresistible tune-fulness, his broad range, his ardently romantic imagination, his human sympathies, his dramatic powers, his intense love for his craft, and his tremendous influence upon the lesser poets of his day—these are facts of such ancient repute that we must not tarry with them here.

A thing not nearly so well known about Cawein is that he was an adept in handling the sort of humorous dialect verse that we associate most closely with the name of James Whitcomb Riley. Cawein seldom wrote in this vein; but when he did, it was with the touch of a master. A few stanzas of “Corncob Jones, An Oldham-County Weather Philosopher” will prove this:

“Who is Corncob Jones?” you say.
 Beatingest man and talkingest:
 Talk and talk th’ enduring day,
 Never even stop to rest,
 Keep on talking that a-way,
 Talk you dead, or do his best.

We were there in that old barn,
 Loafing round and swapping lies:
 There was Wiseheart, talking corn,
 Me and Raider boosting ryes,
 When old Corncob sprung a yarn
 Just to give us a surprise.

“Why, as I have said tofore,”
 (Here he aimed a streak of brown
 At a hornet on the floor,
 Got him too) “you put hit down
 To experience, nothin’ more,—
 Whut they call hit there in town.

"Natur' jest rubs in the thing—
 Jest won't let a man ferget:
 Keeps hit up spring arter spring—
 Why?—Jest 'cause now you kin bet,
 Blamed blackberries bloom, by Jing!
 They jest need the cold and wet."

Let me return, however, to more salient points. Let me dwell, at more length, upon two items which are perhaps quite as obvious, quite as widely recognized as any which I have mentioned. One reason, in my opinion, why Cawein is bound to go down in literary history as one of our most considerable American bards is that he had profound and wholesome respect for the standard poetic forms. Long after erudite students shall have ceased to worry their brains about the conceits of Donne and Herbert and Crashaw; long after most of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" have grown sear and have returned unto dust; long, long after men have forgotten that some flowing-haired, horn-spectacled critic once pronounced Ezra Pound wonderful, or that Ezra Pound ever lived and moved and had his being, a grateful public will rejoice that Madison Cawein sat at the feet of Milton the Stately, and Keats the lovely, and hearkened not to the clanging cymbals of some freakish innovator, some stridently clamorous mountebank outside the gates of the sacred temple of Poesy. Cawein carved not with fragile implements. The ancient and honorable sonnet and the everlasting iambus were among his chief working-tools. And why should it not be so? Why, in the name of Common Sense, should a poet seek for new mediums of expression, when with the old he could sing so beautifully as thus?—

This is the tomboy month of all the year,
 March, who comes shouting o'er the winter hills,
 Waking the world with laughter, as she wills,
 Or wild halloos, a windflower in her ear.
 She stops a moment by the half-thawed mere
 And whistles to the wind, and straightway shrills
 The hyla's song, and hoods of daffodils
 Crowd golden 'round her, leaning their heads to hear.
 Then through the woods, that drip with all their eaves,

Her mad hair blown about her, loud she goes
Singing and calling to the naked trees,
And straight the oilets of the little leaves
Open their eyes in wonder, rows on rows,
And the first bluebird bugles to the breeze.

Or thus:

I took the road again last night
On which my boyhood's hills look down;
The old road leading from the town,
The village there below the height,
Its cottage homes, all huddled brown,
Each with its blur of light.

The old road, full of ruts, that leads,
A winding streak of limestone-grey,
Over the hills and far away;
That's crowded here by arms of weeds
And elbows of rail-fence, asway
With flowers that no one heeds:

The cricket and the katydid
Pierced silence with their stinging sounds;
The firefly went its golden rounds,
Where, lifting slow one sleepy lid,
The baby rosebud dreamed; and mounds
Of lilies breathed half-hid.

The white moon waded through a cloud,
Like some pale woman through a pool:
And in the darkness, close and cool
I felt a form against me bowed,
Her breast to mine; and deep and full
Her maiden heart beat loud.

But the most important fact about Cawein is, I think, that he was a great nature poet, the greatest that his country has yet produced. When we mention the poetry of Bryant and Emerson, our first thought is of nature; yet how slight, how general is most of their nature poetry compared with Cawein's! And what other American nature poet dare we mention in the

same breath with Cawein? Every season of the year, every mood of earth and sky, well-nigh every bird and flower and weed of his native Kentucky was so beautiful to him as to be celebrated in song. No one denies Cawein's love for the little things of nature, his marvelously close observation, his minute accuracy of description. Indeed some have charged that he peered too closely, that he crowded his canvas too full of rank undergrowth, that he made his picture as bewilderingly prolix and as wearisomely prosy as the index to a treatise on botany or ornithology. But they who make this charge know not whereof they speak. Ten to one, they have never learned to love and reverence Nature herself. Doubtless they and their ilk would be happier with Dryden than with Keats, more contented in a drawing-room at any season or hour than in Arcadia on the loveliest morning God ever made.

A few days ago I casually thumbed a volume of Cawein. It was like the calling of a thousand pleasant voices from pasture and woodland and roadside and farm. Now the whippoorwill and the sheepbells welcomed me, and a lamp was lit in some distant-farm-house. Now it was August, oppressive with dust and drought, ragweed and browned meadows. Now a clear pool with speckled trout invited me. Now the scene changed to winter, stern with yelling winds and smothered white fields. And anon I passed a deserted saw-mill, a lonely, cabinless chimney, a broken gate, and a dilapidated picket-fence, all starred with morning-glories and sweet-potato blossoms. "The same old pictures again and again and again!" you cry perchance. Yes, yes; I'll grant you that! And why not? Does an operatic air lose its tunefulness by recurring twice or thrice? Is the night less lovely for having ten thousand stars instead of one? Is the rosebush less sweet because of its hundred roses?

Say that Madison Cawein was sometimes artificial and often commonplace. Charge him with being too hasty, too prolific, too repetitious. Point out his inferiority, as a philosopher, to at least a score of other American bards past and present. But verily, if you know Cawein and nature well, you will

never dream of denying that he was a consummate painter of rural scenes. And though he may have taken you on a dozen delightful journeys to Fairyland; though he may often have delighted your soul with smooth numbers and easy rhymes; though he may even have comforted you with some homely bit of healthy optimism; your happiest remembrance of him, I daresay, will be that he taught you to approach Nature, advancing with awakened senses and open heart.

BOOK REVIEWS

FOUR WEEKS IN THE TRENCHES. THE WAR STORY OF A VIOLINIST. By Fritz Kreisler. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—ix, 86 pp. \$1.00 net.

THE ROAD TOWARD PEACE. A contribution to the study of the causes of the European War and of the means of preventing war in the future. By Charles W. Eliot. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—xv, 228 pp. \$1.00 net.

The great violinist, Fritz Kreisler, is perhaps the first man who has actually served at the front in the European War to write a book relating his experiences. Mr. Kreisler served as an officer in the Austrian army, and his regiment was hurried to the front in Galicia in the early days of the war. Soon he found himself entrenched against the Russians at the very front of the battle line. Being wounded, he was pronounced physically unfit for further army duty and relieved of service. Now he has written a vigorous and picturesque account of what he saw and did. The little book includes many episodes of extraordinary interest. Not the least of these is the account of the friendly relations which developed between Mr. Kreisler's regiment and the Russians opposite them in the trenches near Lemberg. In one remarkable case the Russians in the opposing trenches were starving because supplies had failed to reach them. Being unable to stand their misery longer, they actually sent representatives under a white flag to the Austrian trenches to apply for food. And such was the power of the brotherhood of humanity that the Austrians depleted their own scant supply to feed the enemy. They sent the messengers back to their trenches almost staggering under the weight of a sack filled with food contributed by officers and soldiers. Mr. Kreisler well says: "It is wonderful how the most tender flowers of civilization can go hand in hand with the most brutal atrocities of grim modern warfare."

Dr. Eliot's book is a collection of addresses, essays, and letters in which he has from time to time discussed international relations. He throws much light on the causes of the national jealousies which have culminated in the present world

war. Looking forward, Dr. Eliot considers the outlook for permanent peace and the ways by which it may be brought about. Naturally some of the most interesting chapters are those which deal with the present and future causes of war in the Orient, and with America's attitude towards the principal combatants in the European War. In his chapter on "Lessons of the War until March 9th," Dr. Eliot says: "It is obvious that in the interest of mankind the war ought not to cease until Germany is convinced that her ambition for empire in Europe and in the world cannot be gratified." The only alternative of more war is, in Dr. Eliot's opinion, the formation in Europe of one comprehensive union or federation, competent to procure and keep for Europe peace through justice.

HENRY BENNET, EARL OF ARLINGTON, SECRETARY OF STATE TO CHARLES II. By Violet Barbour, Ph.D., Instructor in History in Vassar College. Washington: American Historical Association; London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, 1914,—xii, 303 pp.

This essay was awarded the Herbert Baxter Adams Prize in European history by the American Historical Association in 1913. The author gives evidence of commendable industry in collecting her material and presents her findings in a lucid narrative that makes clear to the reader the chief facts in the political career of the subject of the monograph. Bennet was not a man of extraordinary ability and can scarcely be termed a statesman. He rather "had the art of observing the King's temper and managing it beyond all the men of that time" (p. 58), and by that means he raised himself to a position of eminence and power which he retained only as long as he was able to play the game of politics and intrigue with skill sufficient to keep the royal favor. Since, in order to realize his ambitions, he adopted the methods of a courtier rather than those of a statesman, he was unable either to pursue a consistent course in politics or to give first consideration to the welfare of his country. He was obliged to be an Anglican or a Romanist, to support an alliance between England and Holland or England and France as the personal interests of his royal master or himself seemed to dictate. His quarrels and realliances with his rivals for royal favor were too numerous

to be significant except as throwing light on the character of the life of the court and the methods of government that prevailed in the reign of Charles II.

Dr. Barbour has traced these sparrings for favor and manœuvres for position with painstaking carefulness. The result is a tale that does not lift the prevailing notions concerning the political methods of that period to a higher plane. However, none of her conclusions are startling; the merit of her book lies in the fact that it contributes to the history of the time details needed to make the story complete. Nevertheless, Dr. Barbour's monograph is worthy of serving as the type of a series of biographies of secondary characters in modern English history which would help much toward a more accurate knowledge of the personal forces that have shaped the policies of the British Empire.

WILLIAM THOMAS LAPRADE.

CHILDREN OF EARTH. A Play of New England. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915,—212 pp.

By winning the Winthrop Ames \$10,000 prize for the best play by an American author, Miss Alice Brown has become, at least for the time being, the most conspicuous American dramatist. And the awarding of the prize to her "Children of Earth" should be regarded as proof of its intrinsic excellence, for the committee considered nearly seventeen hundred manuscripts. The play is undoubtedly a work of art and gives promise of great things by the author. It shows skillful technique in the handling of plot, excellent dialogue, effective revelation of character through action, and is, in a word, the work of a poet dramatist of a high order.

The theme of "Children of Earth" is the effort of a woman to win at a mature age the joys of love out of which she has been cheated through the selfishness of her father. In a brief interval of time she experiences disillusionment, finds intense joy in reciprocated affection, commits an inconceivable indiscretion in the girlish exuberance of her emotions, but is dramatically awakened to a realization of her contemplated wrong of taking the husband of an unfortunate woman, who, to be sure, has only the claim of the marriage certificate to him. She

calmly determines to right the wrong and resumes, as a good pure woman, her life in her old home with a resignation that promises a certain sort of contentment.

In spite of its great merits, this play will hardly go well on the stage. It is difficult to enter into sympathetic appreciation of the heroine's conduct in leaving home or of her love scene with Hale at the spring. In spite of her starved life with her father, we are surprised at irresponsible conduct on the part of a woman such as she is, and at the age of forty-six! There is also an unnaturalness in the proposed living arrangements of the three persons at the end of the play.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

WILLIAM BRANCH GILES. *A Study in the Politics of Virginia and the Nation from 1790 to 1830.* By D. R. Anderson. Menasha, Wis.: The Collegiate Press. George Banta Publishing Co., 1914,—271 pp.

Of biographical studies such as this the Southern States have had all too few, and one takes up each new one with pleasant anticipations which are too often disappointed but which in this case are realized. A career of the type of the subject of this volume offers a most excellent opportunity for the study of a period of state history, and this study is no exception to the general rule that such works are chiefly valuable for the light they throw on state affairs. One cannot but wish, therefore, that the greater emphasis had been laid there, though Giles's place in national history is of sufficient importance to warrant the close study of his career as a national leader which the author gives.

Giles was a native of Amelia County, Virginia, born in 1762. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney, at Princeton, where he took his degree, and at William and Mary, where he studied law under Chancellor Wythe. Settling in Petersburg, he practiced law until 1791 when he was elected to Congress where he served with the intermission of one term until 1803. He entered public life a Federalist, but opposition to the Bank drove him into the ranks of the Republican party where, on account of his close friendship for Mr. Jefferson, he would probably have gone anyway. He was a leader in the attacks on Hamilton while head of the Treasury, and an opponent of the

Jay Treaty, and of war with France. In 1798 he was a member of the Virginia legislature which passed the famous Resolutions of 1798 and, needless to say, voted for them since he was by this time an extreme states rights Republican. He was also a member the next year and a presidential elector in 1800. He was on his return to the House again a leader and was sent to the Senate in 1804 where he remained until 1815. During his service there he was prominent as an opponent of Madison, as he already was of Monroe, and as a member of the Smith faction. Retiring in 1815 he was in private life until 1825, during which time he was a prolific writer in defence of states rights, a bitter opponent of Adams and an adherent of Jackson, a candidate for re-election to the Senate and to the House, and an opponent of constitutional reform in Virginia. In 1827 he was elected to the legislature which in the same year elected him governor, and he held the position until 1830. While governor he was elected to the constitutional convention of 1829 in which, true to his former beliefs, he opposed reform. He died in 1830.

Giles was a man of great power, a born fighter and, to a lesser extent, a born leader. His career was stormy because his politics were bitter and because they were personal, for personal feeling, whether of partiality or prejudice, of inclination or opposition, was always important among the motives which guided his course. But for this failing he would probably have been a greater man and a greater figure in history.

The study is sympathetically yet judicially written. It is of great interest and shows all the signs of careful and exhaustive analysis of the available material which has been carefully prepared and digested. While quotation marks are almost, if not quite, the most frequent marks of punctuation, they are not overworked, for nothing, in the reviewer's judgment, adds more to a biography than a plentiful and skillful use of the subject's own words.

Although the volume in content is exceedingly creditable, one cannot but regret that its form is not in accord instead of being an unusually poor and unattractive piece of book making.

J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON.

University of North Carolina.

BIBLICAL LIBRARIES. A Sketch of Library History from 3,400 B. C. to A. D. 150. By Ernest Cushing Richardson. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1914,—xvi, 252 pp.

This book is a continuation of a previous work, *The Beginnings of Libraries*, in which the author treated library history from the earliest times down to 3400 B. C. Its principal title, *Biblical Libraries*, is a misnomer; it has less to do with the Bible than the name indicates. It includes *any* collection of books or documents in Biblical places in Biblical times, no matter whether they are public documents or literary works. Though a distinction is drawn between an archive as a collection of seldom-used public documents and a library as any collection of books that are kept for use, the question of the extent of their use is never raised to exclude any documents from consideration in this treatise. On the contrary, the author is too prone to magnify a few books into a library, and to assume the existence of libraries on the slightest grounds. To justify his use of *Biblical* in the title, he contends that the outline maps of Biblical history and of human history pretty nearly coincide except for the interval between the Old and the New Testaments, and that the same is true of Biblical library history and world library history.

The Introduction is devoted mainly to an unmerited attack on Assyriologists for limiting the word library to a large literary collection of books; and yet this is the most common usage today. Chief among the early Babylonian libraries mentioned are the school library of Sippara, the business records of Tello dating from pre-Abrahamic times, and the famous temple library of ancient Nippur. To the time of the Exodus belong the Tell-el-Amarna letters, and the great library of King Osymandyas which bore the inscription "The Dispensary of the Soul." Superior to all of these by reason of its choice literary contents is the library of Ashurbanipal, the patron of letters, at Nineveh. The author then proceeds to mention the more familiar Greek and Roman libraries, notably the celebrated one in the Museum at Alexandria, founded by the Ptolemies at the suggestion of Demetrius Phalareus, according to common belief, not of Aristotle, as the author says.

The author is wrong in saying that the Moon-god (god-

dess?) in Greece was a patron of literature (p. 43); that every gymnasium implies a collection of literature (p. 149); that Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, founded a college in the Academy (p. 158f.); and that, "wherever scholars are known to have walked and talked together in a colonnade, it means a school, with library certainly, and probably assembly room, in the near vicinity" (p. 159f.). He makes a curious blunder in treating the Council of the Areopagus as a single individual whom he calls the Areopagite and compares to our Attorney General (p. 150f.). Then he adds to this one individual the six thesmothetae, and says (p. 152) "the number of Keepers of the laws was increased to seven."

The book gives evidence of hasty composition. There are grammatical errors and much misuse and neglect of punctuation. Typographical errors abound.

CHARLES W. PEPPLE.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. Illustrated. By Hiram Martin Chittenden. Enlarged and revised edition. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company, 1915,—vii, 350 pp. \$1.75 net.

In this year of the European war and of the exposition at San Francisco, it is probable that many thousands of Americans will spend their vacation time in seeing the wonders of their own country. One of the localities of the greatest scenic and scientific interest is the Yellowstone Park. It is fortunate that a new edition of General Chittenden's book should just at this time be available as a guide to tourists. General Chittenden was for many years employed in superintending the construction of the remarkable road system of the Park, and in his residence there he gained an exceptionally comprehensive knowledge of all matters connected with this unique reservation. His book gives a complete history of the region with a scientific description of its natural wonders. In particular, it contains many entertaining and engrossing stories of the early history of the Park. Valuable chapters review the geological history of the Park, its flora and fauna, and also its climate. Many excellent illustrations are provided, and also a map of the Park. Appendices furnish much valuable information with regard to the mountain ranges, geysers, and streams. There

are also included biographical notes on some of the early explorers and guides. General Chittenden's book is valuable both as a guide to the Park and as a reference work on this remarkable national domain.

A BAR OF SONG. By Henry E. Harman. Illustrated. Columbia, S. C.: The State Company, 1914,—124 pp. \$1.50 postage paid.

In this latest volume of verse by Mr. Harman, most of the poems find their theme in the moods and charms of nature. He writes also of love—not lightly or frivolously but as the "master-passion of the human heart." His work is marked by grace of expression, deep and tender feeling, and by unusual skill in investing the common things of life with dignity and alluring mystery. To poetic merit is added a strong popular appeal. Many beautiful illustrations enhance the attractiveness of the volume.

All who love to travel the open road will feel the felicity of these simple lines:

Who plants a tree beside the road
Where man may rest his tired feet,
Amid the Summer's sullen heat
And ease his shoulder of its load,
Well loved is he! God-blest is he!
Who plants a tree.

He may have passed beyond recall
When weary pilgrim by the way
Its shade may find, at noon of day;
Yet blessings on his soul will fall
And you can see, how blest is he
Who plants a tree.

In other poems Mr. Harman succeeds in laying hold of the elusive charm of many things that make life worth living—music in the twilight, the shimmering sands of the seashore, the fragrance of blossoms in the home orchard, the mystery of the road just over the hill, the glory of the summer garden, moonlight on the water, sand dune castles, the feel of warm spring rain, the deep pool in the brook and the dash of the waterfall, the lonesome pine, the song of a distant bird, and

the uplift of prayer. He has written verse that the right sort of folks will enjoy.

W. H. G.

WAGE-EARNING PITTSBURGH. THE PITTSBURGH SURVEY. Edited by Paul Underwood Kellogg. New York: Survey Associates, Inc., 1914,—xv, 582 pp. Price \$2.50 net.

THE PITTSBURGH DISTRICT, CIVIC FRONTAGE. THE PITTSBURGH SURVEY. Edited by Paul Underwood Kellogg. New York: Survey Associates, Inc., 1914,—xviii, 554 pp. Price \$2.50 net.

Upon the completion of the Pittsburgh Survey several years ago, the results were published in a series of magazine articles appearing soon after the investigation. A little later, the findings in four major lines of inquiry were published in substantial volumes. The volumes now under review complete the series. The papers under the title "Wage-Earning Pittsburgh" are by Paul U. Kellogg, John R. Commons, Florence Kelly, Peter Roberts, R. R. Wright, James Forbes, and others. Those entitled the "Pittsburgh District" are the work of Edward T. Devine, Robert A. Woods, Allen T. Burns, Frank E. Wing, Shelby M. Harrison, Florence Lattimore, Lila V. North, and others. Both volumes are profusely illustrated. The first deals with the reaction of the dominant industrial forces upon the incoming workers. It includes race studies, one paper hitherto unpublished dealing with the negro steel workers. Others papers deal with factory inspection, industrial hygiene, and other forms of social control over economic forces. Elizabeth Beardsley Butler presents a graphic picture of the waste of child life in the suburb of Sharpsburg. The concluding paper of the volume deals with Pittsburgh's problems of mendicancy and vice. The second volume deals with a variety of important municipal problems, such as the housing of the workers, the disproportion of taxation in Pittsburgh, the minor courts of the city, Pittsburgh schools, the playgrounds, and the public library.

The publication of these final papers completes the record of one of the most important social investigations ever made in the United States. The experience gained by social workers in many cities was focused upon the problems of this one.

With its elaborate and authoritative results the survey is full of material that will be of value to social workers everywhere. There is no doubt that this investigation gave a great stimulus to self-examination on the part of communities all over the country. Though few cities can examine themselves with the thoroughness that characterizes the Pittsburgh Survey, the six volumes of this comprehensive report will be of great assistance in the wise planning of similar studies on whatever scale conducted.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS ON APPRENTICESHIP AND VOCATIONAL EDUCATION.
By Jonathan French Scott. Ann Arbor, Michigan: Ann Arbor Press, 1914, 82 pp.

To four brief chapters of his study, "The Apprenticeship System in England from its Beginnings to 1563," a doctoral dissertation at the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Scott has added three more or less popular articles which had previously appeared in educational magazines. The first four chapters reveal thorough and patient study of an interesting subject, showing the gradual growth of the apprenticeship system, pointing out the economic influences on guild and apprenticeship development in England in the sixteenth century, and concluding that the famous Elizabethan Statute of Artificers (5 Eliz. c. 4) was "an act of broader scope than has heretofore been recognized."

Certain educational phases of the apprenticeship system are considered in the last three chapters, where the word "education" is of course used in a general rather than a formal sense. The movement for vocational education in this country is regarded not as a fad but as a direct response to immediate needs created by the changing social and economic conditions, a popular theme and one now much discussed by educational theorists.

A valuable bibliography is appended.

EDGAR W. KNIGHT.

SOCIAL JUSTICE WITHOUT SOCIALISM. By John Bates Clark. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914,—49 pp. \$0.50 net.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY. By Jacob H. Hollander. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914,—122 pp. \$0.75 net.

Professor Clark's essay was first delivered at the University of California as one of the Barbara Weinstock lectures on the morals of trade. He is a staunch supporter of competition in economic life and holds that its great merit is that it brings about progress in power to produce. Thus the general income of society is increased. On the other hand public monopoly would check the progress of improvement and lessen the social income. However, Professor Clark is no extreme individualist. He outlines a plan of action that "seeks a golden mean between letting the state do nothing and asking it to do everything." Many of the faults in the prevailing economic system are pointed out and remedies suggested. In style the essay is characterized by an admirable simplicity and lucidity of statement.

Professor Hollander's analysis of the causes of poverty and discussion of preventive and remedial devices is a fitting companion volume to that of Professor Clark. Both writers are addressing themselves to the practical task of bettering the economic organization of society. Both are pronounced optimists as to the possibilities of the future. Professor Hollander's book is a more extended and detailed treatment of its subject and is provided with notes and bibliographical information. It gives an authoritative discussion of practicable ways of securing a closer approach to justice in the division of the social income under the existing economic system. In doing this, it is a valuable supplement to Professor Clark's shorter essay.

NAVAL OCCASIONS AND SOME TRAITS OF THE SAILOR-MAN. By "Bartimeus." Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—xiv, 295 pp. \$1.25.

A book that is popular in England just now is this volume of sketches of the British Navy by a naval officer who has seen service in all parts of the world. The twenty-five stories are full of the daily life and work of the men who are now safeguarding England and hemming in the German Navy. Most

of the sketches have more than a touch of picturesque humor, and some deal with the pathetic aspects of navy life. "A Title of Admiralty" is a good example of the latter sort. Not only the timeliness of the book but also the intrinsic merit and entertaining quality of the sketches ought to ensure for it a large public in the United States. The stories are worthy of being classed with similar work by Kipling or Jacobs.

HOW FARMERS CO-OPERATE AND DOUBLE PROFITS. By Clarence Poe. New York: Orange Judd Company, 1915,—244 pp. \$1.50 net.

The farmers of the South and of the country at large will welcome another one of Clarence Poe's useful books. This time he has brought together some vivid reports of what co-operation has accomplished for the rural population in various sections of our own country and also in Europe. He is seeking to make co-operation a very practical thing by drawing lessons from the experiences of successful associations. Mr. Poe's book will certainly aid in making progressive farmers of his readers. Appendices suggest constitution and by-laws for a co-operative society, regulations for a co-operative store, by-laws for a farmers' club, and the most fundamental parliamentary rules to be used in farmers' meetings.

NOTES AND NEWS

Dr. John G. Bowman, formerly president of the State University of Iowa, has been appointed president of the American College of Surgeons. This is an organization of the surgeons of the United States and of Canada for the advancement of the art and science of surgery. The executive offices of the College are at 30 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

The Bureau of the Census has recently published Bulletin 129 on "Negroes in the United States." This publication presents statistics derived from the Thirteenth Census and from other inquiries conducted by the Bureau. The object is to embody in a single report the principal and most recent census statistics relative to the negro and to make them easily accessible to the general public. The Bulletin contains information concerning negro population, occupations, agriculture, mortality, and religious bodies. Copies may be procured from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., at thirty-five cents per copy.

The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India, has recently published a number of volumes explaining the doctrines of Theosophy. Among these are "A Textbook of Theosophy" by C. W. Leadbeater, "Varieties of Psychism" by J. I. Wedgwood, and "The General Report of the Thirty-ninth Anniversary and Convention of the Theosophical Society for 1914." This report of the 1914 Convention, which sells at twenty-five cents, lists one hundred and forty-three branches of the Theosophical Society in the United States. The same publishing house issues an analysis of the "Census of India" by M. Subraya Kamath, and a pamphlet on "Memory Training" by Ernest Wood.

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 2 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C., has recently published its "Year Book for 1913-1914." This volume contains an interesting

and comprehensive account of the various activities under the auspices of the Endowment. The Division of International Law has recently published three pamphlets on the following subjects: "Arbitrations and Diplomatic Settlements of the United States," "Limitation of Armament on the Great Lakes," and "Signatures, Ratifications, Adhesions, and Reservations to the Conventions and Declarations of the First and Second Hague Peace Conferences." These and other valuable pamphlets in the same series are issued gratuitously and may be obtained by addressing the Washington office of the Endowment.

Professor P. S. Flippin of the Central University of Kentucky has recently published a monograph on "The Financial Administration of the Colony of Virginia" in the Johns Hopkins Studies in History and Political Science. Professor Flippin intends to publish later a monograph on "The Royal Government in Virginia" of which the above study is a part.

In October, 1913, the University of Nebraska established a new publication called *The Mid-West Quarterly* with Professor P. H. Frye as editor and Hartley Burr Alexander, and Philo M. Buck, Jr., as associate editors. The new quarterly is designed to afford a medium of publication for "the intellectual essay of a critical character." The numbers thus far published have contained articles of much interest and variety marked by a high standard of literary excellence. Though a large proportion of the contributors are members of the faculty of the University of Nebraska, other institutions and localities are well represented. The new periodical bears the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons, and the subscription price is two dollars a year.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has just published the *Riverside History of the United States* in four volumes under the editorship of William E. Dodd, Professor of American History in the University of Chicago. The separate volumes are as follows: "Beginnings of the American People" by Professor Carl L. Becker of the University of Kansas, "Union

and Democracy" by Professor Allen Johnson of Yale, "Expansion and Conflict" by Professor Dodd, and "The New Nation" by Professor Frederic L. Paxson of the University of Wisconsin. The volumes of the new series are bound in flexible leather, and printing and binding make a pleasing first impression. This is confirmed by an examination of the readable contents. The writers dispense with footnotes but provide a generous bibliographical note with each chapter. The individual volumes are reserved for extended review. Each \$1.75 net.

Doubleday, Page and Company have begun the publication of a series called "The American Books." The plan calls for a large number of small volumes on current American problems—a library of good citizenship. Writers of authority will treat of the various subjects, and the volumes, bound in cloth, will sell at sixty cents each. One of the first volumes in the series is by Oswald Ryan on "Municipal Freedom." This is a plea for home rule for American cities and an advocacy of the commission form of municipal government. Mr. Ryan gives accurate information regarding the Des Moines plan of commission government and also regarding the commission-manager plan as in operation at Dayton, Ohio. He also discusses systems of preferential voting. President Lowell of Harvard writes an introduction to this useful little volume.

The Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati, has published an illustrated volume entitled "Sketches of Great Painters" by Edwin Watts Chubb. This treats in a biographical and critical way of fifteen great painters. These are the pre-eminent old masters, Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, Velasquez, Rembrandt, and Rubens; then there are Murillo, Van Dyck, and Reynolds, and the modern Millet, Corot, Turner, Whistler, and Rosa Bonheur. Professor Chubb's essays are good reading, although they do not pretend to thoroughness from the standpoint of art history or criticism. Each chapter is accompanied by an illustration of a representative work of the painter discussed and gives much interesting and entertaining informa-

tion about his life and personality. This volume may well prove useful in connection with the numerous clubs of women engaged in the study of literature and art in not too serious a way. \$2.00 net.

A work of permanent value and helpfulness is Dr. Richard C. Cabot's "What Men Live By," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The discussion of right living centers around four themes Work, Play, Love, and Worship. The interplay of these four, Dr. Cabot says, is the end of life. What he has to say about them will aid his readers to solve many an intimate personal problem and to live a "more abundant life." A book well worth reading. \$1.50 net.

"Carrying Out the City Plan" by Flavel Shurtleff deals with the practical application of American law in the execution of city plans. The author writes in collaboration with Frederick Law Olmstead. In the volume there is an able treatment of such matters as the right of a municipality to acquire land, limitations of the use a city can make of its land, the condemnation of land, special assessments, excess condemnation, uses of land which constitute a nuisance, zones for building regulations, the bill board nuisance, and the city plan commission. The volume is a sane and valuable guide in this time of extraordinary activity in city planning legislation. Survey Associates, New York. \$2.00 postpaid.

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